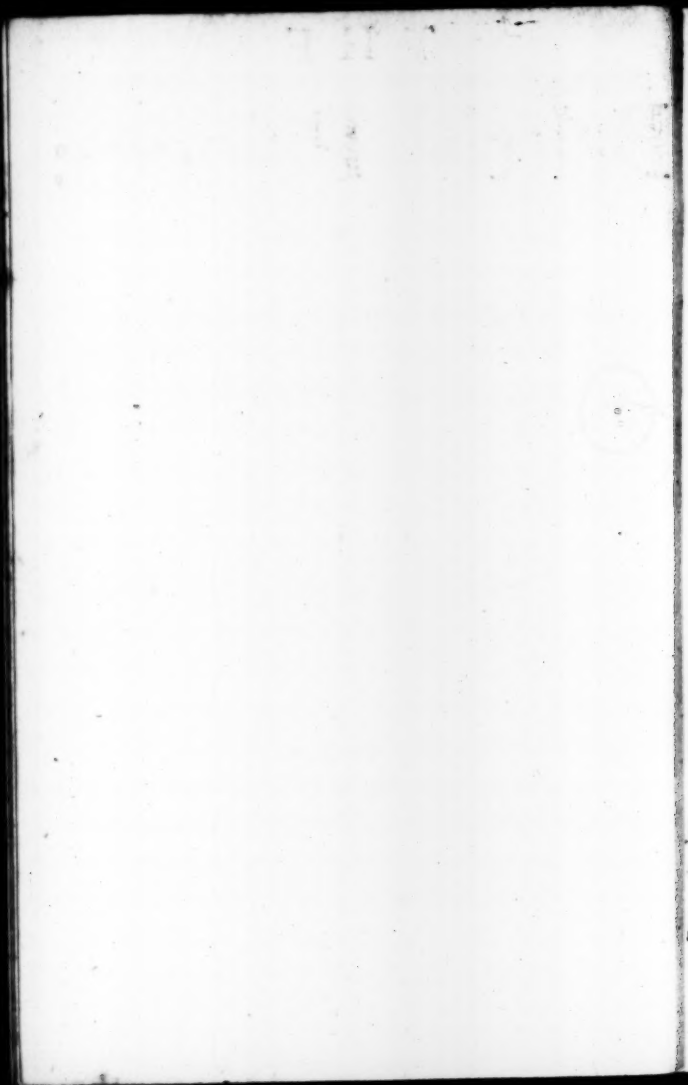


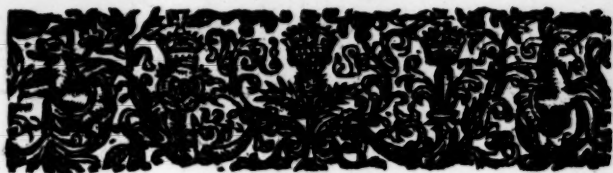
THE
Brittish Princes:
AN
Heroick Poem.

Written by the
H O N O U R A B L E
EDWARD HOWARD, Esq;



L O N D O N:
Printed by T. N. for H. Herringman, at the Blew-
Anchor in the Lower-Walk of the New-
Exchange. 1 6 6 9.





TO THE
HONOURABLE

Henry Lord Howard,

Second Brother to his Grace the
DUKE of NORFOLKE.

The *Authors* Dedication of this *Heroick Poem*.

My LORD,



Whatsoever Reception this Poem
meets from the World, my De-
dication cannot be censur'd,
since made to you; who are justly ren-
dred no less great in Heroick Exam-
ples; than you are illustrious by Birth;
A 2 whil'st

The Epistle Dedicatory.

whilst you so abound in all the Vertues of your Antient and Noble Predecessors, that you are beforehand with Honor, e'r you possess those high titles which are so justly your expectation, and earnest desires of your Name, to see in due time accomplished in you: And as an Heroick Poem ought to be a Present to the most conspicuous in merit, so it cannot but receive some credit in being addressed to you; as you have a Title from the worth and greatness of your own Actions, to the Patronage of all worthy Subjects, for which cause you may less blame my Ambition, in dedicating to you this Poem, being assured, in you, are summ'd all the Virtues of its Brittish Hero's, which the best abilities

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ties of my *Muse* have been able (though with the advantage of fiction) to make their glories : And if you judge it worth the entertaining some minutes of your leisure, I shall think it wants no Dignity, it being my greater ambition, to publish my respects to you, than to court fame, which the world so sparingly bestowes, as if there were no consideration for desert in any kind; nor are the spirits of men less satisfied in any accomplishment, than in the value of wit, which seldom misses the *Allay* of detraction, as it passes the world; where if it meets a due Reception from the Generous, and truly Ingenious, the labour of lines is enough rewarded; amongst
A 3 whom,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

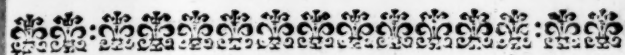
*whom, as I have placed your worth
the first in my thoughts, so I commend
this Poem to your judicious accep-
tance, with all other acknowledgements
becoming*

My Lord

Your humble Servant

E. HOWARD.

THE



THE
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.



Mongst so many Writers Antient and Modern, who have added glory to the Muses, their number is few that have advanced Heroick Poësie; in which the Antients imployed the best talents of their Muses, and like some wonderful Fabricks,

had their Structures raised by the greatest Princes of this Science, which has so much elevated the esteem of its first Authors, that there has been little allow'd of merit to succeeding Poets, and does reasonably require some acknowledgement in me, in respect of my own undertaking, since it is hard for a Modern Poem of this kind to find a Reception in the world, so much devoted to the praise of precedent Writers;

The Preface to the Reader.

nor can it be denyed, but that an Heroick Poem (whose perfections were task enough for the best pen of the Antients) is rendred to our age far more difficult to be accomplished, while both the Greek and Latin Poets had the advantage of those more concise and sublime Languages, to maintain the glory of their Epick works, (which above all kinds of writing discover the power and weight of a tongue) besides they had no small helps by introducing their Gods and Goddeses, whereby they could vary their Dialogues and Descriptions whensoever they wanted other matter : But this sacred Priviledge allowed to the ancient Poets, (when the Muses were a part of their Divinity) will hardly give a like concession to us, who are Subjects to Heaven by different Letters-Patents, to which purpose, as I have avoided in my Poem any fabulous converse of that kind, so have I not introduced any practice of Christian Religion (not but the times of which I write may be supposed unprincipled enough to allow it) But rather taken for my *Brittish* Heroes a Religion from the results of nature, as more proper to Poesie; and which in point of morality, might not be ungrateful to the Reader of whatsoever perswasion.

The worth of Heroick Poesie is so well known to the Judicious, that it may seem impertinent in me to give any argument for its esteem; yet since I have made it the subject of my pen, I will presume to say something

The Preface to the Reader.

something of its excellency in general ; as one that, beholding some antient famous Structure, endeavors to model in some proportion a meaner of his own: Nor did *Homer* and *Virgil* (with some other of the Antients) in their Epick works shew us only the greatness of their buildings, but the state and ornaments of their contrivance, in which they erected their own Monuments to be everlasting with their Heroes, for whom they rais'd their glorious Principalities, with sublime instructions of humane life, that by them, the Prince is taught greatness, the Statesman Prudence, the Polititian Craft, the Souldier Stratagem, the Philosopher Ethicks (with other high reflections on that excellent Science,) the Lover nobleness of passion from the bright flames of *Parnassus*, and even the Gold of nature universally refin'd in the Poets Mint, from whose vast treasure of thoughts, and actions, the most fam'd Dramaticks, drew the noble vein of Dialogue, and taught the Buskin to renown the Stage, while from the glory of Epick Contrivance and Action, the deepness of Intrigue and Plot was probably first dignified : No less does it honor the famous Pencils, whose highest art is to delineate Images ; from hence, and by their powerful imaginations, express representations of all passions of the mind, with other noble endowments of nature from those poetical figures of glory. Thus much concerning the excellency of this Subject in general.

And

The Preface to the Reader.

And now to pay a due esteem to such Poets of our own Country, who are justly dignified by the Heroick Muse, of whom though the Catalogue be small (and *Rome* the once Mistress of Arms and Wit, scarcely numbers Three that are allowed the honor of Enrollment, though she make her claim from the glory of *Virgil*, *Lucan*, and *Statius*) yet have these our Native Poets deservedly merited esteem, perhaps above those any other Nation has produced in the times they lived; and of these the most considerable, I think may be granted our famous *Spencer*, and the late Sir *William Davenant*, (not considering *Daniel*, *Drayton*, and the like, rather Historians than Epicke Poets) the first of whom is by many granted a Parallel to most of the Antients, whose Genius was in all degrees proportion'd for the work he accomplished, or for whatsoever structures his Muse had thought fit to raise, whose thoughts were like so many nerves and sinews ready with due motion and strength to actuate the body he produced; nor was the success of his Poem less worthy of Admiration, which notwithstanding it be frequent in words of obsolete signification, had the good fortune to have a Reception suitable to its desert, which tells us the age he writ in, had a value for sense above words, though perhaps he may have received deservedly some censure in that particular, since our Language (when he writ) was held much improved, that it has been the wonder as
well

The Preface to the Reader.

well as pity of some, that so famous a Poet should so much obscure the glory of his thoughts, wrapt up in words and expressions, which time and use had well nigh exploded: And though words serve our uses but like Counters or numbers to summe our intellectual Products, yet they must be currant as the money of the Age, or they will hardly pass: Nor is it less ridiculous to see a man confidently walk in the antiquated and mothly Garments of his Predecessors, out of an obstinate contempt of the present Mode, than to imitate the expressions of obsolete Authors, which renders even Wit barbarous, and looks like some affront to the present Age, which expects from Writers due esteem of the tongue they speak. But this objection which I have presumed to mention against Renowned *Spencer*, (though it be a Common one, and the most is laid to his charge,) shews us that his building was rather mighty than curious, and like the Pyramids of Egypt, may expect to be a long Companion of times.

His next most remarkable Successor in the Heroick Way, I suppose there are few will deny the late Sir *William Davenant* a merit I judge he may claim in his work of *Gondibert*, in which there are many remote and excellent thoughts, with apt and perspicuous expressions, the essential dignities of the Muses, whose chiefest beauties flow from the ornaments of words, and delightful variety of imagination

The Preface to the Reader.

on, from which choice productions of nature, the Muses are most desirous to adopt their Children, and in no small degree are justly acknowledged to the honor of his pen : Notwithstanding which, his Heroick Poem of *Gondibert* (coming into the world in a capricious time of censure) perhaps did not meet with a deserved reception, though the severest of his Judges, I doubt not are forced to grant, that there is in that work more to be praised than pardoned. I wish I could affirm as much of what I have now published. To compare the excellencies of these two Authors were not convenient in this place, since it would be little advantage to either, their works being of different natures ; besides it must joyn some censure to their applause, or the Criticks, and Censorious, will not think themselves righted, if their objections pass unmentioned, who have somewhat broader eyes, to perceive the errors and mistakes of Writers, than to behold any thing which deserves their approbation : The truth is, the latter more obliged the language of his Country than the former, who either out of affected singularity, or thinking it fit to honor the Dialects of ages past, seemed so much devoted to them, as if he would be an example against all that should innovate words that had not an antient tradition from our tongue : Nor do I think it would easily be resolved if put to the test, whether it had not more commendably spoke our diligence, if our
native

The Preface to the Reader.

native words & Dialects, had been better cultivated for use than a perpetual transplanting so many from foreign soils, while the state of our language seems not unlike a greedy kind of prodigality, which contracts variety of debts to make a large purchase, not considering he ruins in the mean time his antient Patrimony.

I know there are many amongst us who allow much to the improving of wit from the enlarging of our tongue, as if there were a Reciprocation in both; and for the same reason must judge we are always on the mending hand, since we are still like to continue, introducing of words. But when shall wit and its Refiner Language after this rate receive their ultimate perfection, since as *Horace* says

*Si meliora dies ut vina poemata reddat,
Scire velim pretium Chartis quætus arroget annus.*

But neither these eminent persons, nor any other of our own Writers, whose pens might doubtless have winged their Muses to their highest pitch of Heroick glory, have handled this Subject; or for the honor of our Nation, laid the Scene at home after the example of *Virgil*, who brought his *Aeneas* from *Troy* into *Italy*, and there made him encounter as famous Heroes as that Story could relate, though written by the immortal pen of *Homer*, while our antient
and

The Preface to the Reader.

and often Revolution of State, with the darkness of Story, (the best time for a Poet to kindle his flame) gives as much happy occasion to feign, and for the dignity of the Muses, to render truth (were it possible) more considerable from fiction, as is to be gather'd from any other in the World : *I* shall onely presume to give this reason for my design in modelling this Poem, which *I* have some cause to expect will not be less grateful, since the foundation is laid with our own Materials, and rais'd at home, though it be a Work *I* could wish had been performed above my abilities. The time *I* have pitched on, is near upon the departure of the *Romans* out of *Brittany* ; An Age, that certainly rendred this Countrey famous in Warr, which cannot reasonably be doubted from their Conflicts five hundred years, with so formidable an Enemy as *Rome* ; Nor less acquainted with their best Moralls, which from the repute of so great an Empire, gave Discipline to the World in Manners, as well as Armes : And, could not but add much to the Civilizing of the *Brittains*, a People they had so long been acquainted with, and by them nobly fought : To which purpose the famous Historian, *Cornelius Tacitus*, who Wrote in the time of *Domitian*, speaks them to have received the Habits, Manners, and Letters of the *Romans*. And though Histories are too silent of the Glorious Actions of our Predecessors ; yet the deep Scratches on our Countreys Face, from those

The Preface to the Reader.

those numerous Relicks of Camps and Fortifications, at this day beheld, speak enough, without other Records, the famous encounters of our Ancestors: For this reason the *Reader* must be so ingenious, as not to look upon my Poem as a *History*, but rather hold himself obliged to my Muse, that has provided Heroes, and Princes, who, for ought he knowes, had then a being; or, from a reasonable Concession, might be supposed to have. Their Representations likewise, in point of Government in my *Poem*, I conceive not unnatural, to what was then practised, in this Isle, which is granted, by all Historians, to have had several Principalities; the wisdom of whose Princes, could not but unite them, against their Common Enemy, whensoever their Concerne requires it, of which we have Examples in Story: And, whereas I have raised a Son to the most famous King *Arthur*, in my Character of *Albionus*, not known to our Histories. I may say thus much in behalfe of my Muses Records; That, since so little, and that darkely, is discover'd to us from Story, of that Heroick Prince, or the certain time of his Raing, it is possible the being of so glorious a Son, (though true) may be at this day (with other Monuments of him) equally unknown. While this Island, receiving so many Alterations in State, from *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*; who, with the Ruines of Warr, have been even fatal to the very Memories of our Predecessors, by almost a total suppression

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sion of our most antient Records (as if it had been the sole ambition of their Power and Success, to make Posterity believe they had a being from their Conqueror, have ecclipsed, with those Presidents of Fame, the High Renown of Royal *Arthur*; whose Deeds Authors are forced to deliver but as their best Fables. For the Character of *Vortiger*, our Stories of this Age (though very obscure and imperfect) mention him a Prince of this Nation; and possibly I have taken his Figure, more resembling what he truly was, or ought to be supposed, than had I endeavoured to produce his Life (as it stands imperfectly framed in Story) which considering the difference of Writers in the occurrences of that Age, must render much of the Truth they pretend to deliver, little better than mistake or fiction.

As to the Queen, whom I mention by the name of *Bonduca*, the strictness of some may be apt to call me to an Account; because there was a *Brittish* Queen called *Voadicia*, *Boadicia*, or *Bonduca*, in the time of *Nero*, mentioned by *Historians*, which is granted to precede the Age I take for my *Poem*, for whose satisfaction, I desire they will be contented to believe (as my Muse presumes to verifie) that this was another Person, though as Heroick and Glorious a Queen as the former: It being not at all impossible (since as I have already expressed) there were so few of the Princes of those times faithfully delivered to us from *History*:

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Story: That there is not seldome the difference of an Age, or more, in Writers, as to their times, of being in the World: But however, this to the Judicious can appear no fault, when *Virgil* (allowed to be the Prince of *Poets*) makes *Dido* and his *Aeneas* contemporaries, which according to the strictness of Chronology, could not be by some hundreds of years.

For introducing the *Roman* Consul into my *Poem*, I suppose there cannot be any ground for exception, there being at that time a Consul called by the name of *Aetius*, or *Ennius*, who Commanded both in *Gaul* and *Brittany*: And, for my Character of *Alatrix*, he may well be allowed to be the *Roman* Generals Martial associate, since *Gaul* had not then freed it self from the Talions of the *Roman* Eagle, being somewhat later than *Brittany* discharged from that Bondage, and consequently obliged to bear Arms in their Quarrel; which is so possible to be true, that it cannot prejudice my introducing him here: With like plausible liberty have I framed the Character of *Merlinus* (in imitation of our famous *Martin*, supposed to be living about the age I have taken for my *Poem*) and the rest: But, I fear I have given the Reader a needless trouble in behalfe of my Characters, since I have little reason to doubt he will not willingly comply with the liberty I have taken.

Having thus given an account of the quality of my *Poem*, I cannot but give him this short one of the

a

Quantity

The Preface to the Reader,

Quantity of it, which is, that these two Books are not my intended end, as may be judged from the Conclusion of my second; My Original design being to introduce our famous Progenitors the *Saxons*, and so Body in the end both Nations together, who, after many bloody Conflicts united themselves into one People: But, I find it is time to bid my *Reader* farewell, though, before I part with him, I must oblige him not to misconster my sense; in what I have written concerning Religion, which, as is already mentioned, I thought most proper in a Poem, to raise merely from the Principles of Nature: As likewise where, *I* have expressed any thing concerning Superstitious Practises and Priests (who originally must be supposed to be the Grand *Introducers* of those *Delusions*, which have so misled, and abused Mankind.) The *Reader* is desired to take all expressions of this kind (as they are really meant,) not against any perswasion of *Christian Religion*, and the Holy Functions appertaining to it; But, in General, and wholly directed against False, and Erroneous Worships and Beliefes; which, least there should be any imputation charged on me, or those Reflections *I* have made, Wrested to a contrary Sense, *I* could not but instance this my defence, Concluding, that as this *Poem* was writ for my Diversion, so it now comes to be published, having received encouragement from the Judgments of some Friends, who
thought

The Preface to the Reader.

thought it might not be unwelcome to the World,
(A Motive, powerful enough, to incline my Consent;) nor did I Judge it unreasonable for me to expect it, since no less a Novelty, than any this Age hath produced: Yet, I am not so fond, as to believe, there is much got, from entertaining the World in Print; it being too much good Fortune, to hope, that any thing can pass so current, as not to meet with Detraction, Mistake, or Envy (which never want darts to wound a Merit far Superior than I pretend to) there being few who are Candid, and truly discerning, whose Judgments have any sway, or not descry'd by the prevalence of Malevolent, or weaker apprehensions. But, since I have sent this Poem abroad to shift for it self, I must submit to what Reception the World will please to allow it; not doubting, but the impartially Judicious may receive no very inconsiderable satisfaction.

Farewell.

THE
HONOURABLE
TOMY
HONOURED FRIEND
Edward Howard Esq;

On his Heraick Poem, The Brittish Princes.

THat Noble Poem, which thou giv'st us now,
Does both oblige the Dead, and Living too:
Till the old *Brittains* fame thou didst display,
Their Glories were interr'd, as much as they.
And all the world by what thou now dost write,
Are bravely taught both how to Love, and Fight.
To purchase Fame two things are requisite,
Great Deeds; and those by a great Poet writ:
Aeneas Glory had not liv'd so long,
Had it not been the Theam of *Mars's* Song:

Arthur

Arthur a brave and valiant *Brittish* King,
Wanting a Poet, who his Reige could sing,
Has nothing, but his Name that does survive;
But in thy verse his Son shall ever live,
Which shows how soon a Lawrel Wreath decays,
When 'tis not interwoven with the Bayes.
Though Nature many Powerful Charms did give
To fair *Bonduea*, yet we all believe
Her Beauties, in their height, ne'r shone so bright,
As thou hast drawn them, now, in black, and white.
The Poets Art, the Painters does controul,
This but the Body draws, but that the Soul,
Old *Ennius* Passion, for the Queen, does prove,
No cold can triumph, o'r the heat of Love.
Whose boundless Power, who can too much admire,
Which Ages Ashes turns into a Fire.
Thou art the first hast done thy Country right;
For th'English, who Heroick Poems write

In

In praise of Foreigners, employ their Pen,
Though their own Country yields the bravest men
For who but they at once could overcome
The falshood of the *Galls*, and force of *Rome*.
And on both Generals, impose their Fate,
Though Rival'd Love, their swords did animate,
But our Delight! why dost thou so much wrong,
As to begin, but not conclude thy Song
Thy Foes do envy, and thy Friends deplore,
Those, that so much is writ, these, that no more;

TO

TO

TO THE
H O N O U R A B L E

Edward Howard Esq.

Upon his Poem of the *British Princes*.

W^Hat mighty Gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
One single rapture, scarce it self confines,
Within the limits, of four thousand lines,
And yet I hope to see this noble heat
Continue, till it makes the piece complete,
That to the latter Age it may descend,
And to the end of time, its beams extend,
When Poessie, joyns profit, with delight,
Her Images, should be most exquisite,

Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of alwayes virt'ous, fortunate, and wise:
Therefore, the patterns man should imitate,
Above the life our Masters should create.
Herein, if we consult with *Greece*, and *Rome*,
Greece (as in warre) by *Rome* was overcome,
Though mighty raptures, we in *Homer* find,
Yet like himself, his Characters were blind:
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to heaven were rais'd.
Who reads the Honors, which he paid the Gods
Would think he had beheld their blest abodes,
And that his Hero might accomplish'd be,
From divine blood, he draws his Pedigree,
From that great Judge your Judgment takes its law,
And by the best Original, does draw
Bonduca's Honor, with those Heroes time
Had in oblivion wrapt, his sawcy crime,

To

To them and to your Nation you are just,
 In rising up their glories from the dust,
 And to Old England, you that right have done,
 To shew, no story nobler, than her own.

JOHN DENHAM.

Edward Howard Esq;

Upon his Poem of the British Empire.

How in time of greatest distress
 I saw his reign,

What this destroyer, yet not
 restore again:

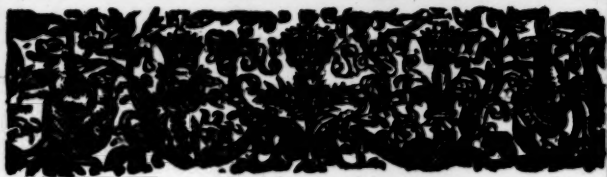
And by the pleasing strain
 Your Pen,

Revive that worth which was
 famous then,

So that if we jointly charge on guilty Fate,
 TO

I hope ravish'd Clashes will set on time's old waste,
 We so true are, none but your Muse should give

Our British Heroes Monuments to live.



TO THE

HONOURABLE

Edward Howard Esq;

Upon his Poem of the Brittish Princes.



Hough time o'r greatest actions
hath its reign,

What this destroyes, yet you
restore again:

And by the pleasing Talent of
your Pen,

Revive that worth which was so
famous then.

So, whil'st we fondly charg'd on guilty Fate,

Those ravish'd Glories, which on time did waite,

We see twas fit; none, but your Muse should give

Our *Brittish* Heroes Monuments to live.

AN

All the lost virtues of great *Arthur* you
In *Albanius* can exactly shew:
The lustre of the long set Sun you find
By those reflections which he leaves behind,
Could *Vortiger* but know how by your Muse
his actions are out-done, he would refuse
All that he once thought great, whilst he is taught,
Virtue, and honour, must from hence be sought.
Courage to ev'ry Hero you have lent,
To shew, small stars make up a firmament,
The fair *Bondura* would desire more
Those beauties you describe, than those she wore:
And think the gods had sent you from above
To add a greatness to her soul, and love.
Merlin's worth, which time had long obscur'd,
Is from your noble Muse to us secur'd:
That ev'n the *Græcian* *Stagerite* might take
Instructions, where thy Poem makes him speak:

Whose

Whose lost Prophetick glory now we see
Reviv'd, whilst here he makes his prophesie.
Virtue is so exactly drawn by you,
That none can question what he ought to do:
By those examples which in this are given,
You seem at once us to oblige, and heaven.
No dangerous mountains make your work seem rough,
But gentle risings, and yet high enough.
Which through the whole are so exactly wrought,
It seems as well the child of pains, as thought.
On Princes actions when you cease to toy,
Describing all the pleasures of this soyl,
Kind nature will be pleas'd, since here is sung
All by her secret operations done:
Though blushing she must wonder, since no more,
Than hers, your bounty lessens not your store.
Beauties not less oblig'd, since by your Muse
Is giv'n her all the features she could chuse,

And

And made us know, that love which she hath given,
Is a faint relish of our future heaven.

Maye not more amaz'd, than pleas'd would be,

To see this Child derive its pedigree

So justly from his greatness, since he none

For likeness, and for beauty, more can own.

Blest by these two, detraction 'tis above,

Since all must forfeit sence, or thine approve.

H. D.

TO



TO THE
HONOURABLE
Edward Howard, Esq;
On his intended Impression of his
P O E M
OF THE
BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR,



Y Judgement in Poetry hath, you know,
been once already Censured by very good
Wits, for commending Gondibert; but
yet they have not, I think, disabled my tes-
timony. For, What Authority is there in
Wit? A Fester may have it; a Man in drink may
have it, and be fluent over night, and wise and dry in
the

the morning. What is it? or, Who can tell whether it
be better to have it, or be without it, especially if it be a
poised Wit? I will take my liberty to praise what I
like, as well as they do to reprehend what they do not like:
Your Poem, Sir, contains a well and judiciously contrived
Story, full of admirable and Heroick actions, set forth in
noble and perspicuous language, such as becomes the dig-
nity of the persons you introduce, which two things of
themselves are the height of Poetry. I know, that vari-
ety of story, true, or feigned, is the thing wherewith the
Reader is entertain'd most delightfully: And this also, to
the smallness of the Volume is not wanting. Yours is
but one small piece, whereas the Poets that are with us, so
much admir'd, have taken larger Subjects. But, let an
English reader, in Homer or Virgil in English, by whom-
soever translated, read one piece by it self, no greater than
yours, I may make a question whether he will be less pleas-
ed with yours than his: I know you do not equal your
Poem to either of theirs, the bulk of a Work does not dis-
tinguish the Art of the Workman: besides, 'tis a ver-
tue in a Poet to advance the honour of his remotest An-
cestors, especially when it has not been done before. What,
though you out-goe the limits of certain History? Do
Painters, when they Paint the Face of the Earth, leave a
blanck beyond what they know? Do not they fill up the
space with strange Rocks, Monsters, and other Gallantry,
to fix their work in the memory of Men by the delight of
fancy? So will your Reader from this Poem think ho-
nourably

honourably of their original, which is a kind of Piety. Ajax was a man of very great stature, and Teucer a very little person, yet he was brother to Ajax both in blood and Chivalry. I commend your Poem for judgment, not for bulk; and am assured it will be welcome to the World with its own confidence; though if it come forth armed with Verses and Epistles I cannot tell what to think of it. For, the great Wits will think themselves threatned, and rebel. Unusual Fortifications upon the borders carry with them a suspicion of Hostility. And Poets will think such Letters of Commendation a kind of confederacy and league, tending to usurp upon their liberty. I need say no more, but rest,

Sir,

Chatsworth, Nov.
the 6th, 1668.

Your Honors most humble
and obedient Servant,

Thomas Hobbs.



THE
Brittish Princes:
AN
Heroick Poem.

BOOK. I.

The First Canto.



OF Brittish Kings, and *Hero's*, Sung by
Fame,

None Lives so Great, as Mighty *Ar-*
thur's Name;

Whose Noble Deeds, to Wonder did Compleat

All Virtues, which in Best of Princes meet,

B

Though

Though *Sage Historians*, Griev'd they cannot know,
How much this Isle, does to his Virtues owe ;
But small Remaines of his Past Acts Relate,
Charging the rest, on Guilty Time and Fate :
Or else to Fame, whose Rolls his Glories fill,
Have left his Praise, above their search, and skill.
Victorious *Rome*, that *Brittain* had Compell'd,
To own Her Rule, from Him fear'd what she held ;
Proving his Armes, her Greatness Ballanc'd more,
Than all the World, she had oppos'd before.
Many the Battels were, Fame tells, he Fought
Unequal Number'd, yet his Foes still fought ;
Till Fate his Life unto Death's Pow'r betrayes,
And *Brittaines* Mourn, the wonder of their Dayes.
To all the Glories, of so great a Name
He left a Son, Heir to his Worth and Fame ;
A Happiness, not in all Monarchs known,
Who worthless, oft succeed, a Virtuous Throne ;

And

And like the Vulgar Issue of Mankind,
Beget their Mighty Race, unlike in Mind.
Whence such vast Structures, they for Empire lay
In their less Glor'ous Successors decay.
And as it were too much for Mortal State,
Seldome are seen 'like Prosperous, and Great.
While here for *Brittain's* Glory, Heaven does give,
A Son, in whom his Fathers Virtues Live;
Fam'd *Albianus*, in whose Mighty Soul,
Met all the Glories of Great *Arthur's* Rule.
In War Approv'd, and in his Councils Wise,
Steps by which Princes, best to Thrones do Rise.
VWho o'r the West of *Brittains* Fertile soile,
His Fathers Sword Preserv'd, and his brave Toyle;
Did then extend his Empire, while the rest,
By other Famous Princes was Possess'd.
With him three Monarchs, fertile *Brittain* own'd,
The East of which, had fair *Bonduca* Crown'd;

While Royal *Vortigers*, the North does Bound,
Where *Scots* Repining, till their fruitless Ground.
From Mighty *Brittish* Kings, Time long Deriv'd
Their High Descents, who best Examples Liv'd
Of Royal Greatness, nor did thirst of Power,
Which in Ambitious Princes men deplore,
Their Scepters happy Concord Dis-unite,
Who held it Impious, to Invade a Right;
Espousing here one mutual Peace, or War,
Which must their Councils, and their Conducts share.
Oh happy Rule, where Monarchs thus maintain
Their Peoples Rights, and like just Neighbors Reign!
Whose Power to Subjects, from their Laws was known
Like Heavens Prerogative, from order shown;
That in their several Sphæres they seem'd to move,
With Harmony, resembling those Above.
With these *Bonduca* Reign'd, whose Matchless Story,
Fame must for ever speak, with highest Glory;

Perfect

Perfect in Virtue, with best Prudence Joyn'd,
That, from her Soul, her State, did Greatness find;
Nor did her Beauties, less Perfection show,
That Nature summ'd in her, what she could do.
Whose Graces, through the World scarce fame had
But greatest Princes, did their Courtships speed, ^{(spread,}
Ambitious of Alliance with her Crown,
Or in her Beauties to Espouse a Throne.

Whose Bright Attractions, with her Virtues joyn'd,
To highest wonder, ev'n her Foes inclin'd.

Wishing above all Conquest, they might gain

Her Loves Dominion, as their noblest Reign,

While for her State, she takes assiduous care,

How to prevent, the sad effects of War:

Which, but too lately, this Rich Isle did waste,

And, to the Princes, does wise Counsels haste.

Now, *Albianns* Court, the Scene must be,

For this so high Concern of *Brittany*:

With

VWith whom the Sages of each Crown did meet,
This deep Affair, most Prudently to Treat.
VWhere *Vortiger*, with Royal Glory came,
A Prince, so early made, the Pride of Fame;
That Natures Master-piece, in him alone
Had been Compleated, if to Fame unknown
VWere *Albanius* Praise, which gives her Story
From both these wonder, and yet equal Glory.
Their Persons like two Plants, the early Spring
With best Perfection, did to Ripeness bring;
Comely, as Youth, and Beauty met could show,
And no less Great, in Princely Virtues too.
The outward Complements Perform'd of State,
They deep Intregues, of Wars Rough Power Debate;
The High Concern of Crownes, whence Kings receive
Their Noblest safety; nor can Monarchs live
Mighty in Name, whom *Mars* does not Renown,
And Subjects from their Armes, Protection own;

Who

Who soon will Judge, they Scepters weakly sway,
Except their Martial Power, their Foes obey.
Which Glorious End these Princes did Pursue,
Joyning the greatness of their Councils now.
While thus to *Vortiger*, *Albianus* speaks,
(Plac'd in due State) Oh dearest Prince, what makes
Foes thus Conspire, or can Heaven think it good
War longer should consume, our Countryes blood?
What do'st Import, Great Battels to have wonn
'Gainst *Scots*, alas, who Fight us for the Sun?
Inforc'd by Nature, and their Colder soile,
To Sacrifice themselves to Wars fierce Toil.
Or, that more Lustful Power of *Rome*, we see
Wasted, though long our Fatal Enemy?
While its Bold Consul *Ennius*, now yields
T' Encamp in utmost *Kent*, and Quit close Fields;
If like a *Tiger* forc'd unto a Den
With Rage Recruited, he dares Prey agen.

What else does meane, that Num'rous Warlike Power
From *Gauls* now Landing, on our *Kentish* shore?

How will *Bonduca's* Soul, these Tydings hear,
If her Rich Province *Kent*, they seize by War?
And, her most Glorious City, *London*, be
The next Attempt, of their bold Tyranny?
Can *Martianus* with our Armes oppose
The *Romans*, joyn'd with our fierce Gallick Foes?
Who like an Island, plac'd in th' Oceans way,
May break strong Billowes, but not stop a Sea.

To which great *Vortiger* does thus Reply,
Wee'l soon *Martianus*, with our Ayds supply,
And make it more our Glory, still to Fight,
Romes Power, Assisted with a Borrow'd might.
Five dreadful Ages, *Brittains* Armes have stood
Its Bold Attempts, with dear expence of Blood.

Since Mighty *Julius* first her Eagles led,
Though here but hover'd, when the World they spread

As

As that great Soul of Honor, Blush'd to see
His Armes did it subdue, e'r *Brittany* :
And more its Mistress, Proud *Rome* Conquer'd too,
Made next his Slave, that first the World made so ;
Dares then despised *Ennius* hope to Live,
And this Isle Lawes, from *Roman* Conquest Give ?
Or with his Armes, here Glory to Maintain,
The smallest Relicks, *Cæsars* Sword did gain ?
What though *Alvatrix*, with his *Gauls* dos joyn
T' Assist their Eagles, our Prov'd Armes decline ?
Effeminate Creatures, form'd by Clothes, and Words,
But soon will Fly, the Language of our Swords,
Or does *Alvatrix*, hope thus to Improve
His late Addresses, for *Bonduca's* Love ?
Or thinks, her Virtues e'r can shaken be,
Though *Rome* to him, should *Pander* Victory ?
But we delay our Active Armes too long,
Time calls, our warlike troops in Camps should throngs
With

With our Arm'd Chariots, that will Mow their way,
Through boldest Legions, *Rome* dares here Array.
Thus *Vortiger*, with great and sprightly Grace,
With this brave Prince, does Wars design embrace.
So fierce *Achilles*, added to the Flame
Of *Greeks* Incens'd, when to their Camp he came.
Nor did the Virtues, in these Princes met,
Which Nature did with highest care compleat,
More her Delight, than her vast Treasure show,
Who does on Mankind Graces so bestow,
That her Perfections still must different be,
Best pleas'd to Glory in variety.

In *Vortiger*, her Compositions were
Adorn'd with Graces, and a Soul of War;
In on-sets fierce, as Courage can express,
Quickn'd by Virtue, and its own Excess;
But *Albianus*, youthful heates less sway,
Whose sage Resolves, still guide brave Honors way:

Thoug

Though in their Execution, Lightnings fly
Too slow, to keep his fierce Darts company.
While he with Warlike *Vortiger* Revolves
The Martial Conduct, of their high Resolves,
Fates swift Decree, which does even time surprise,
And oft prevents the Councils of the wise ;
Unlook'd for Tidings, to these Princes speeds,
Nor shall *Favonius*, thy great Name and Deeds
Be less Renown'd, though to the pride of fate,
Thou didst Inglorious Deeds, of it relate.
Who does so variously Decrees dispence,
That Fortune seemes, the sport of Providence ;
Swift had he Run, through Plains, and Pathless woods,
And almost breathless, swam *Thames* silver floods,
To scape pursuers, Like the Hart that tries
Most uncouth Tracts, when from the Chace he flies ;
Thus he arrives, unto these Heroes fight,
His Vesture pierc'd with Piles as oft in fight,

He

He did such glorious markes, Receive from foes,
Nor did his flight his safety less expose,
Passing through showers of Piles, *Romes* Legion threw,
Whom, as these Princes did with wonder view,
Unto their anxious thoughts, a Respite take,
Before their Souls could give them leave to speak,
Too sadly Judging, that he now did come,
T' expresse some fatal Loss, by Powers of *Rome*.

To whom *Favonius*, panting did expresse,
Great is the Cause, Fam'd Princes, my access,
Does now surprise you; nor can fate decree
A peril, I'll not joy my Destiny,
If in *Bowduca's* cause, my death it give,
Though fame now tell, I flying her Foes live :
Heav'n witness, and you Stars, who late did see
Romes stoutest *Eagles*, by my Conduct flye,
Thrice, e'r the *Sun* did his Meridian gain,
But, I speak Conquest past; Alas! in vain,

Since

Since great *Bonduca's* high Concern and aid,
Requir'd this dang'rous flight, I now have made,
Of whom I Crav'd, that mighty trust to bear
Unto you Princes, which your Warlike Care
Must soon imploy: But, happy had I fell
By *Gaules* and *Romans*, e'r these Tydings tell;
Or from my Lips, an Accent witness be,
Of this most famous Queens Calamity;
Whose Armes, though Warlike, *Martianns* led,
(Then whom no *Brittish* Chief gave *Rome* more dread)
In vain their Legions fought, R'enforc'd from *Gaul*,
Who, soon alas her Person may enthrall:
Witness this day, when with its early dawn,
I saw our num'rous Foes 'bout *London* drawn,
Who did, like thickest Woods, at distance show,
While gentle *Thames*, in fear, did seem to flow;
His Stream beset, and every Pass possest,
Which, *Londons* danger, sadly have increast:

O! think brave Princes, what must be the Fate
Of this Black Day; or, What may Night compleat,
Approaching now? If, in her dismal houres
Our Foes assault this City, with their Powers;
And thus its Queen, and Glories, should possess,
To grace *Rome's* Triumph, and *Gauls* hop'd success;
Whil'st but to Heaven, and to your Warlike Power,
Onely remaines their safeties to Restore.

Thus he Relates; But, Who can judge the fire
That did these Hero's noble hearts inspire,
To aid this beaut'ous Queen? whose Person they
Fear, with her Kingdom, may become a Prey:
And, to *Favonius*, make this brave Reply,
'Tis time to Fight, if *Martianus* fly;
And thou, so great a Cheife, inforc'd to come,
Thus to relate success of *Gaul*, and *Rome*:
But, while the name of *Brittain* shall endure
With its choice Deeds, Fame shall thy worth secure:

Since

Since, for *Benduca's* cause, thou yield'st to live,
That we her Armes distress'd, relief might give;
Then *Albianns* does on him bestow
A stately Vest, and Richest Armour too:
While *Vortiger* presents him with a Steed,
Swift as the Wind, stout as the North did breed;
Next *Arthur's* Son, does his choice Captains call,
Corinus, Torringer, Androgeus, all
Fam'd in his Syres great Camp, for Wonders done;
And glory, now to serve his Warlike Son:
But *Vortiger*, who thought each minute flow,
Time now does wing until he fights this Foe;
Commands his Warlike Cheifs, a March to speed
Of his brave Powers; Whom, most approv'd, did Lead,
Clarinus, Troylus, with *Darander*, prais'd
For Deeds in War, Fame with Renown had blaz'd;
These soon Campaign a Num'rous Warlike Power
Of Troops, and Chariots, guided by the Flower

Of *Brittish*-Nobles, in which glorious Sphear,
The Princes, like Auspicious Stars, appear :
And now their Armies March, shrill Trumpets found,
That Ecchoe, o'r th' Horizons utmost bound ;
Which being done, they lead their Martial way,
And view great *London* the succeeding day.

The End of the First Canto.

The Second Canto.

F'Ame soon prepar'd her num'rous tongues, and eyes,
To blaze this March (the Worlds industrious spies)
Who, for her Glory, Mighty Deeds proclaime,
Nor is there Humane wonder exceeds fame;
With Men She lives, yet to Mankind unknown;
Though all Her Voices, from his Breath are blown,
Sometimes as loud, as Vulgar Clamors speaks,
As soon from Whispers, busie Rumors makes,
Various in Tongue, as Mankind is in thought,
Whose Secrets to her bold dispose, are brought:
Watches she sets on Kings, and Peoples Deeds;
Nor blushes, when enlarg'd their Acts, she spreads,
Falsehood, and Truth, she mingles in a breath,
And claimes Prerogative o'r Time, and Death:

C

A

A mighty Prodigy, her self creates,
And, by her Power, as soon annihilates:
The Worlds Deceiver, and its glory too,
Vertue can Raife, and it deprefs as low.
Too pronely Evil, whence ſhe beares the name
Of that far-spreading miſchief, Men call Fame.
Thus does my Muſe, in this her ſtory find
Fames higheſt Glories, with fates evils joyn'd;
While fate *Bonduca's* Vertues did oppoſe,
In *Gaul*, and *Romes* ſucceſs, her mighty Foes
By Warlike *Ennius*, and *Alvatrix* led;
Who, round great *London*, had their Enſignes ſpread
Whoſe furious Expedition thither came,
As it ſurpriz'd, the haſty flight of Fame;
Having *Martianus* Powers, enforc'd to flight,
As he their Legions over-power'd did fight:
Until his ſtoutest numbers breathleſs lye,
T' oppoſe the Courſe of this ſtern Enemy;

And thus through Lanes of dead, had led their pow'rs,
Resolv'd t' assault great *London*, when nights houres
Should Midnight Count; and to both Poles extend
Her Sable Curtain, whose dark throne attend
Stars, that like Ushers move, to light her way,
While in the East, as if too early day
Had now surpriz'd her; or the Mornings Sphear,
By *Phæbus* into flames converted were,
In which, he'd rise, to threaten this bold Night;
When there prodigiously appear'd to fight
Vast Armies, moving on the smooth-fac'd-Skye,
Where flaming-Darts did seem from Foes to fly,
And brandisht Spears, against Spears, Fight maintain:
But, What's Heavens Sign? Can Warring Powers
Or furious Mens Ambition; All things dare, ^{(restrain?}
Who Heaven, too distant think, for them to fear:
Or, that the strong, had right enough to take,
What could not be defended by the weak:

Which mighty evil, Antient Mankind saw,
Before they had acknowledg'd Rule, or Law ;
But what the stronger, to the weak would give,
When every Man, to Man, a Foe did live ;
Till their Disorder'd Safety did dispose,
Men, to submit to Governments they chose:
Whose Rulers soon taught them, they fought in vain
To curb themselves, and not their power restrain,
Who Nation against Nation could oppose,
Uniting Mankind to be stronger Foes.

Thus *Gaul* and *Rome*, this Islands Conquest sought,
Whom now to *London* their success had brought ;
Which, by their Powers, this night must be oppress'd,
In the most usual hour of Humane Rest :
When, to indulge the dayes preceding care,
The tender Husbands their soft Wives endear ;
While *Cynthia* did her palest Visage weare,
As if the Queen concern'd sh'ad shin'd in fear ;

And for her stately City like to be
The saddest Scene of Infelicity:
Nor in great *London* many eyes had slept,
Till Foes Assaulted, such bold Guards it kept;
And, with a Bloody entrance seiz'd each Port,
As none knew where 'twas safest to resort;
Or, like to Men, whom hideous Dreames awake,
Think all at first, but fancies rude mistake,
And, in Amazement, hurry here and there,
Till nobler Sence does overcome their Fear:
Then, as from Sleep, surprized *Trojans* rose,
Boldly to Combat their successful Foes;
So here, the *Brittains* are enrag'd to Fight,
And soon out-doe the Stories of that Night:
What Heart can Judge, or Tongue the rage express,
That they oppose against their Foes success?
Least, all that's dear, be made *Romes* lustful Prey,
Or *Gauls*, far more libidinous than they:

Some-

Sometimes their Conforts Loves inspire their Armes;
Or else, their Virgin-Daughters beauteous Charms;
The Wonder of the World, and Natures Race !
Which, in their Sex, this Isle does chiefly grace;
Then, with what Armes this hasty time supplies,
They find the thickest of their Enemies :
Where some on naked Breasts their Darts receive ;
Others want Arms, that wound for wound might give,
Yet still their num'rous Powers so assail,
As Fortune fears, this Vertue may prevail :
While boldest Troops of *Romans* now retire,
And *Gauls*, had well-nigh spent their onset Fire :
But, as the Sea, that rallies Wave on Wave,
Till, through some noble Fence, its Billows rave,
And then insults, upon some glorious Plain,
Next made the Conquest of the dreadful Main ;
Thus are the *Brittains*, overwhelm'd with power,
In this so boyst'rous, and surprizing houre ;

While,

While, now of Fortune, all they seem'd to crave,
Is, that their Armes, their beaut'ous Queen may save
To whose relieve, the worthi'st lead the rest,
Before her Guards, by num'rous Foes oppress;
Which, to effect, convenient stations take,
Resolv'd, their Bodies shall her Bulwarks make:
Highly, did *Ennius* his fierce Powers Conjure,
To make their furious On-sets more secure;
Letting them know, how they'l oblige Great *Rome*
To see this City, and her Queen o'come:
While, with his *Gaules*, *Alvatrix* does Conspire
To act Hostilities by Rage, and Fire;
Hoping, these terrors will *Bonduca* shake,
Or, else by force, her long'd enjoyment take:
What hearts but *Brittains*, thus assail'd by Foes,
Could them, and such extremities, oppose?
Who scorn'd, all these their Valour should defeat,
Daring, in 'midst of Flames their Foes to meet:

And, in the dismal Ruines of this Flame,
Speaks antient hate, of *Gauls*, to *Brittains* Name:
Whose more Heroick Manners, did deride
The Formes, and Dress, of their Effeminate Pride.
And now, the Queen, from her Pavillion rose,
Allarum'd, by these dreadful Acts of Foes;
And, with a deep Concern, does hear the Cries
Of her lamented Subjects miseries:
Like some distrustful Shepheard, that does view
A Troop of *Wolves*, his harmless Flock pursue;
And, their distressed Lives cannot relieve,
Except some more than Mortal aid it give:
To Heaven her Prayers devoutly does address,
Imploring Stars to frown on their success;
Hoping, they hold no Council to destroy,
This City, Peopled from Renowned *Troy*:
But, if it must, (like that) to Ashes turne,
Then She does beg, it may be made her Urn;

And,

And, not in her, the Blood of *Brute* intral,
To guild the Triumphs of proud *Rome*, or *Gaul*:
And next reflects on Natures fonder care,
VVhich made her thus Illustrious, Great, and Fair,
VVishing, She saw, with far less beaming eyes,
Than did *Alvatrix* fatally surprise:
Or, that her Cheeks did in pale furrows lie,
VVhich stain'd the Glories of the Evening-Skie,
Least this great City more unhappy be,
From the bright Charmes of her Sov'raignty:
Thus she laments; and what is her despair,
Since, now to live, is made her saddest fear;
Discerning well *Alvatrix* raging will:
Nor knows she how far *Ennius* may act ill,
VVho, covertly *Bonduca* did decree
The Prize, and *Garland*, of his Victory;
But from *Alvatrix* artfully does hide,
(The mock he means, to all his rage, and pride,)

And

And thus cajoles him ; Thou Great Prince of *Gauls* !
Yet, more than Monarch, since *Romes* power, thee calls
Her honour'd Armes associate, to subdue
Brittain with her, and more, *Bonduca* too :
Whose tender heart, will force her to resign,
All that thy burning wishes can design,
If but now challeng'd : while, our Armes we see
Thus ready, to compleat bold Victory ;
Though, it must lessen *Cleopatra's* fame,
While *Rome* dates triumph from this *Womans* Name ;
Whose beauties, had but great *Augustus* seen,
His mighty Soul had with thee Captive been.
To which *Alvatrix* eagerly consents,
In hopes to Crown his furious Loves Intents :
Like some fierce Beast, that does his Rage allay,
With expectation of his long'd-for Prey :
And thus, a Summons to *Bonduca* speed,
That now was mounted on her graceful Steed,

And

And with her Glorious Presence vigor Charmes
Into her fainting *Brittains* Hearts and Armes ;
VVho, from her Eyes, no Mournful drops must see,
That but now stream'd, for their Calamity :
Like beaming Morn, that had dispell'd Nights tears,
Her injur'd brightness with more lustre wears ;
Then, a bold Herauld from great *Ennius* comes,
VVhose dreadful Badge declar'd him to be *Romes* :
And, to the Queens bright Presence had access,
VVho, in these tearms, his Message does express ;
Great Queen of *Brittain* ! Know, that I am come
To bid thee yield, unto the Power of *Rome* ;
Least, this Fam'd City, by a Raging Flame
Consume to Ashes, with thy ruin'd Name :
VVhile Pity makes Great *Ennius* so far thine,
As he could wish, he might his Armes decline ;
And, by a gentle Truce, soon make thee know,
Thou yield'st, to Conquer such a Mighty Foe ;

VVho

VVho does, that value for thy Vertue, own,
That his success, he'd with Loves Triumph Crown.
This he delivers; while, a brave disdain
Adds to *Bonduca's* Cheeks, a Noble stain;
As Virgin-Honor kindles at the Name
Of some unwelcome and inglorious Flame,
'And to this bold Demand, makes this return;
Rather, let me, and this Lov'd-City burn;
And, like another *Carthage*, fall to dust,
If, by *Romes* Power, Heaven has decreed it must:
Than e'r *Bonduca*, so degenerate prove,
As fear, shall fright her Soul, to welcome Love:
If, that the Consul, covertly intends,
Or fierce *Alvatrix*, with his rage contends;
But whensoever my Nuptials I bestow,
I'll not Court *Rome*, to take a Husband-foe:
Or, by that tye, unite my self to *Gaul*,
VVhose antient hate would *Brittain* more intral:

What

What, though this fury does assault me now ?
Yet, your great Master, may have more to do ;
VVhile *Arthur's* Son, and *Vortiger*, remain ;
VVhose Armes unconquer'd, *Brittain* will maintain.

And thus this Herauld back again is sent,
From whom, first *Ennius* sounds the Queens intent ;
And then, unto *Alvatrix*, loud does Cry,
This VVoman's worth our Arms, and Victory :
That has a Soul, which Fortune dares Contemn,
And, in a *Brittain*, does a *Roman* seem :
Admire thou then the wonders of her Face !
I'll give her worth, within my Heart, a place.
But, e'r we Cool, let us again fall on ;
That *Rome* may triumph, for this City won :
And, fair *Bonduca*, which, will add to fame
A Story lasting, as our *Cæsars* Name.

This Speech *Alvatrix* highly did inflame,
To finish Conquest, and his Loves bold Claime ;

VVhose

VVhose Soul, each word *Bonduca* nam'd, had fir'd :
Not deeming, Love, the Consuls heart Inspir'd
VVith its soft Passion; whilst they now renew
Their fierce assaults, this City to subdue ;
And, angry fortune, had their way, far wrought,
Where *Brittains*, for their Queen, ev'n hopeles, fought ;
VVho, with a deep Concern, had soon beheld,
How Rage, and Blood, her Subjects Arms compell'd ;
VVhile she, her presence guides, where Darts most fly ;
In hope, some one will swiftly bid her dye :
Though asking Heav'n Pardon, if now, she dares
Above her blushing Sexes, gentle fears ;
That else, she apprehends may stubborn prove,
And yield her up, a Prey, to hated Love.

But Providence, that swayes the course of things,
Unlook'd-for-succour, to *Bonduca* brings :
Which, *Vortiger* and *Albianns* speed ;
By bold *Favonius*, at this fatal Need :

Swift as *Namidian* Horse, these Troops had run,
To aid the Queen, and *London* almost won;
And, with their bloody toyls, had forc'd a way,
VVhere *Gauls*, and *Romans*, heap'd in dust now lay;
Recruiting thus, her Citties drooping force,
Like to some Bay, that stayes the Ocean's course,
VVhile Waves, against it, with vain fury beat,
And, as they rage, their swelling power defeat:
Mean while, *Favonius* to the Queen appears,
VVho, like a Dewy Flower, had bath'd in tears,
Letting her know, the Princes soon will come
VVith potent force, to fight the Powers of *Rome*;
VVhom she then graces, with her Royal hand,
Granting her safety, does obliged stand
To his great Conduct; that could thus relieve
Her fainting Arms, and City succors give:
VVho, since *Martianus* was inforc'd to fly
Despair'd, that Armes could check *Romes* Victory;

That

That with such rage against her did conspire,
As *London*, soon had made but one great Fire;
And for the Princes, gently does express;
She can't but fear, their vertues great excess
May henceforth claime a gratitude so high,
That (but in will) she must ingrateful dye.

The End of the Second Canto.

The

The Third Canto.

And now, this Night that frown'd too long on day,
^{Sun}
~~Sun~~ Morning-beams usher the Suns bright way,
VWho blush'd, to see how bold her houres had been,
T'afflict so fair, and virtuous a Queen;
But more than grievous, did appear this Night
Unto the Princes, that her Cause must Fight;
VWho, thought each minute of their March, too slow;
As if that time had onely loyter'd now;
And thus, with fam'd Celerity, they drew
Their Arms, where *London's* Towers salute their view,
Plac'd full of eyes, that greedfly descry
This welcome Terror to the Enemy;
Nor did e'r City with more Merit Claime
Eternal Records, from the Tongue of Fame;

D

Than

Than this, which, had unshaken stood extreams
Of *Romes*, and *Gauls*, conspiring force, and flames :
VVhich speaks, the braye Allegiance of those times ;
Unpractic'd, in our late Rebellious Crimes :
VVhile Power, nor Faction, could Division sow,
But gladly *Brittains* fight, their Countreys Foe.
And thus resoly'd, the Princes Powers Campaign,
VVhere *London* did denominate a Plain,
That bore the marks of dreadful Battels fought,
Since first, proud *Rome*, this Isles great Conquest sought
Here, under heaps of Earth, did Heroes lie ;
(The braver Foes, or Friends of *Brittany*)
VVhose memories want now Records from Fame,
To shew, Death can obscure the greatest Name :
And tells, how vainly Humane Powers contend,
That can inherit nothing, but their end :
Proving Deaths Scepter juster than our life,
Since, it divided Mortals, keeps from strife :

Nor, did the Earths vast surface ever bear
VVorthies like these, or Pow'rs, more fam'd in VVar;
VVhose shining fronts the generous *Brittains* fill'd
Captain'd by Nobles, in VVars Conduct skill'd,
By these, embody'd, burnisht Chariots, stand,
VVith dext'rous Guides, who their swift force Com-
And, as these glorious Chiefs, do each array; (mand,
Phæbus thinks his less bright, that rules the day.

Then, thus to *Vortiger*, *Albianus* speaks;

Before our Battel further progress makes,
Let's well the Conduct of our Armes Consult,
And next, proceed to act its brave Result.

To whom, replies Couragious *Vortiger*,
Since we, (Great Prince) must for *Bonduca* VVar,
'Twere sin, to spend a minute more in words,
But what may add a vigour to our Swords:
Then, on a rising place, the Princes stand;
Inviron'd, by the Chiefs of their Command;

Attentive, leaning each upon his Spear,
VVhich shews, how great those Antient Counsels were:
With these, the Princes severally debate,
How best their Armes may serve the *Brittain*-State;
And, (what's more dear) th' afflicted Queen supply,
At once, with wish'd relief, and victory.

But, as they thus Consult, the Aire they view
Obscur'd with Clouds of Dust, which mounted, shew
Like *Lybia's* Sands, windes toss unto the sky;
Or, as there moving Armies Men descry,
When their fierce motions raise the fleeting Mold,
And day seemes ended, e'r they night behold: (sound
Thus, here, through Clouds of Smoake, does break the
Of moving Armes, which, ecchoe from the ground
Their mighty hast; Nor do the Princes know,
Whether this swift approach did speak a Foe:
Until their trusty Scouts did them declare
Brittains, that did with *Martianus* War:

Who

Who, to the Princes moves, before the rest,
Though now his Visage scarce himself exprest ;
His aged face and hairs, disguis'd with blood,
Whose Valour had so bravely Foes withstood ;
That fame, for ever must his worth display,
Surviving with this glory a Lost-day.

No sooner he salutes the Princes fights,
But, each, with him, streight from his Steed alights,
And with their hasty steps embraces give ;
Rejoyc'd, to see him unexpected live :

To whom, (with due obeysance) he replies ;
Fam'd Princes ! What are now our destinies ?
Since froward fate does thus our Armes oppose,
To gratifie our proud insulting Foes :

Happy had I been, if by *Roman* power
I'd dy'd, in my youths warmest heat, and flower ;
When, under your great Fathers, first, I knew
To weild bright Arms, and Wars great Deeds pursue ;

Then

Then in my age, the Mock of *Ennius* be,
Whom, I in *Kent* besieg'd successfully ;
Or, (What's more grievous) see, *Alvatrix* boast,
His fencing *Gauls*, o'recame a *British* Host :
Though, while I these did for *Bouduca* War,
Hop'd with my Conduct, a propitious Star,
And not her Banners thus successless lead,
Beholding *Romes* before her City spread ;
But, e'r they yet shall perfect their success,
Admit this utmost duty I'll express ;
First, to attempt her Aid, through all extreames,
Or dye her Sacrifice, in *London's* Flames :
This, having said with a Pathetick Grace,
A stream of Tears falls down his Aged Face ;
Who, (but in Honors Cause) permits these tears,
More than a Lover loves, his Soul endears ;
Then, *Albianus* this fam'd Captain takes
To his embrace, and thus obliging speaks,

Thou

Thou, Father of our Armes, I and more than all,
Honor does most renown'd in Mortals call;
Repine not; 'tis thy glorious fate, to be
With Fortune, thus at virtuous enmity:
Or think, past Trophies, thou from *Rome* hast got,
While, *Brittain* bears a name, can be forgot.
My Warlike Sire, (Great *Arthur*) oft did name
Martianus, with his Chieftes of Noblest fame;
Telling, what acts, were by thy valour done
In all those famous Battels he had won;
And, to his Son, thou shalt be still as dear
While I thy Counsels, and thy Dangers share;
Hoping to see thy Armes, *Romes*, yet subdued;
And, to thy aged Garlands, add more new:
Till then repine not, thou hast lost a Field,
Alas! thou didst, but to more numbers yield;
Which, Great *Bonduca* will her self confess,
Charging fate onely, with thy ill success:

While, for her sake, our force shall soon contend,
Who did with aid, *Favonius*, to her send:
By whose great Prowess, *Rome*, and *Gaul*, declin'd
Their dreadful Onsets, against *London* joynd,
And more, a Comfort in thy Heart impress,
That, these must fight us now, or yield success
Unto our Armes; which, in *Bondusa's* Cause
Must out-doe wonder, and to *Rome* give Lawes.
No less (*Martianus*) *Vortiger* endears,
Calling his Conduct, Soul of *Brittish* Wars;
And next, recounts those mighty deeds h'ad done,
When, late from *Scots*, and *Picts*, they Battels won.
Then, *Martianus*, (with this grace o'come)
Feeles noble Passion, gives his speech no room,
But to expresse, a glorious wish to dye,
If his life may promote their victory.
And now the Princes view his harrafs'd force, (course;
Which, had through roughest dangers fought their

His

His stately Ensignes with fierce Arrowes tore,
As scarce a mark remain'd of what they bore :
Then, in their Battel, these embody'd are,
Where, their great Chief, a high Command does bear;
Resolv'd, their Valours shall set *London* free,
With its fair Queen, from *Roman* Tyranny.
Soon had the wary *Ennius* perceiv'd
This City, by *Favonius* was releiv'd;
And, that thus near, the Princes Battels drew,
Highly resolv'd, to assail their Powers too:
He therefore, swiftly had his Army drawn
By dreadful Bodies, in this spacious Lawn,
The *Brittain* Forces for their Station took,
And thus, with furious eyes, on each now look,
Glad were the *Brittish* Heroes, to perceive
The time was come, their Foes would Battel give ;
Whose Valours, did occasion so embrace,
As if their Souls were wing'd, in Honors Race;

While

While thus, to Royal *Vertiger*, does speak
Great *Albionus* ; May we happy make
This day (Lov'd Prince) in which we see *Romes* power
Spread their Battallions here, this welcome hour,
That Courts our Armes, such Honor to atcheive ;
As may this antient City now relieve ;
If, Heaven to *Brittain*, glory, does decree ;
We shall *Bonduca* aid successfully,
And teach her foes, the Guilt of their bold sin,
Who thought their force enough, her soul to win :
How has her virtues, these unshaken stood ?
When *Ennius*, forc'd his way by Flames, and Blood ;
And fierce *Alvatrix*, did that dread improve,
Threatning, to Crown by force, his burning love :
But, e'r that *Gaul* shall boast so fair a Prize,
Let us resolve, to fall her Sacrifice ;
And dye this Plain with Blood, if that can be
A meritorious cause of Victory :

Then

Then sprightly *Vortiger*, at this, darts beams
That spoke the vigour, of his Martial Flames,
Which, at *Bonduca's* Name, his breast inspires,
As lightning, breakes from Clouds, imbosom'd fires:
And thus, to *Albianus* does exprefs,
I'll welcome Death, if fate denyes success;
Nor, shall my Soul, be in this Body borne
A living Witness, and this Island mourn:
This day if lost, 'tis just that Princes fall;
When their sad Countrey, keeps its funeral:
Nor shall *Bonduca's* vertues e'r reprove
My valour, to want merit for her Love;
Since in her cause, if I make Death my own,
My end, shall then add Glory to my Throne:
Then *Arthur's* Son a Supreme station takes,
Whence, to his Militants and Cheifs, thus speaks;
Fellows in Armes, the wish'd for time is come,
To end, this Islands long-made-War with *Rome*;

And,

And, needles 'twere, to tell you of the cause,
Since *Rome*, and *Gaul*, by th' Sword would give us laws:
Or thence infer, how your rich Countrey, may
With Wives, and Daughters, soon become their prey:
This were, from fear, to bid you now to fight,
When, Native Valour does enough excite
Our *Brittish* blood, which, though 'tis bred so near
The Northern Pole, was ne'r yet chill'd by fear.
Let *Romans* then, their *Oratories* spend
To raise their duller Legions, to contend.

Enough, we see the Foes, that we must fight;
And not from words, our hearts to Armes invite;
At this, loud shouts of Joy do fill the Plain,
Which shake the Earth, where *Roman* Powers Cam-
The usual Custom of this Martial-Isle, (pain,
When they embrace, Wars most renowned toyl.

No less, the Consul *Ennius* does take care
To make this day, the Glory of his VVar;

His force, with *Romes* best Conduct, now array'd;
That oft, had Monarchs, their great Captives made,
Then in Magnan'mous words (the use of *Rome*
T'incite their Militants to overcome)
He thus begins, Lov'd Souldiers! if that we
Deserve by arms the worlds Sov'râignty,
Since, our Renowned City Deify'd
Her Scepter'd *Romulus*, for deeds achiev'd
By glorious Arms, whose Capitol yet stands
Fill'd with our Trophies, won from Conquer'd Lands,
Where *Mars* is Templ'd, with his fellow Gods,
Pleas'd, to convert our Swords, into their Rods,
And next to their Divinity, allow
The Earths Dominion, to our vertue, due:
Let not this day then, our fam'd power beguile,
That oft has harraff'd this so potent Isle,
Though Nature, joyn'd with Mighty *Neptunes* hand,
To sever't from the world, (*Romes* wide Command)
Yet,

Yet, could not our Renowned *Julius* stay,
Who, fought ont Conquest, wheresoe'r it lay;
And by our prowess, ages since maintain'd
The Noble Relicks, here, his valour gain'd:
We have the Legions still, from him were nam'd,
The Tenth most lov'd, with all the rest as fam'd,
They were but *Romans* then, as we are now,
If we their virtues but inherit too,
How will the world, our warlike Eagles dread?
If still this Isle remains unconquered,
When to our shames it shall recorded be,
One dayes *Pharsalia*, forc'd *Romes* liberty,
Nor are their Conducts, worthy of our fears,
Though *Albianus* joyns with *Vortigers*,
Infants in Arms, while I their Fathers fought,
And thence great triumphs, to our Empire brought,
You saw to us, *Martianus* Powers gave way,
Think that a sign, of a more signal day,

Since

Since he, the aged Captain of their Hoast,
Has prov'd how dear our Conflicts with him cost,
While *London*, that our fierce assaults withstood,
Will then be yours, without expence of blood,
And, with its riches, pay your Martial toyls,
Yielding their matchless Queen, to grace our spoils.
Thus speaks great *Ennius*, while the Prince of *Gaul*,
Does on his Chiefs, with furious vigour call,
Letting them know, what honor will accrue
To *Rome*, and *Gaul*, if *Britains* they subdue,
And that the Cause their hearts may more excite,
Tells them Revenge, and Love, does bid him fight,
Whence, fond *Bonduca*, shall repent disdain,
If by their Armes, they Conquest this day gain.
Nor did the ill, of their Intentions, fright
These from imploring heav'n, to ayd their might;
Whose ear the ambitious by design abuse,
And call that Providence, which first they chuse,

Thus

Thus superstitious hopes their Priests express,
Who (from above unlicens'd) speak success,
Which proves how bold with heaven such dare to be,
That for their ends will arm Divinity ;
Loud had the *Gauls* their Clamours upwards sent,
While soothsaying *Romans*, had their eyes intent
On Ravens, Vultures, and such birds of prey,
As follow Armies, for a bloody day ;
One sees an Eagle stoop, that soar'd as high,
As the expanded airy Regions lie,
Seeming to Court his figure, which was spread
In that rich Ensign, by the Consul led,
This their Diviners, soon conclude must be
A happy Omen of their victory:
As Nature, oft from things of meanest sence,
Confounds mans vainer search of Providence ;
And thus encourag'd, think each minute slow,
Untill they fight their warlike British foe ;
Whose fierce Battalion, *Romes* confronting stands,
Resolv'd to act, their mighty Chiefs Commands.

The End of the Third Canto.

The

The Fourth Canto.

Loud did the various Instruments of warre,
The dreadful time of Battel now declare,
Musick the brave delight, and oft inspires
The tim'rous hearts and ears with Martial fires;
Thus *British* Trumpets, and *Romes* Cornets sound,
Their piercing Clamours Ecchoes did rebound
Which distant hills, and sounding valleys take,
Mounting the furious noise to skies they make,
Then forlorn hopes, their dreadful onsets speed,
Which for the Princes, did *Darander* lead,
A hardy Chief, whose Prowess bore a Name
In *Arthus* Camp, so much renown'd by Fame.
As fierce a Leader had *Romes* Consul chose,
His daring onset boldly to oppose;

E

Hoping

Hoping success would on his side begin,
Since valour's ne'r too late, that last must win.
Quick as a thought, incounter now these Foes,
Or burst on each, as kindled clouds dispose
Their swiftest lightnings, when the North or East,
Send forth their flames, to combat with the West.
Then do their more important bodies move,
Hoping this Prowess nobly to improve ;
Though from the first Incounters, judg to pay
The dearest cost of a victorious day.

And thus the Princes forces swiftly lead,
Where *Roman* Pow'rs their dreadful Eagles spread ;
While from their Standards their great figures show,
With fair *Bonduca's* Scepter'd Image too.
O'r whom a glor'ous Canopy is plac'd,
Like gilded Clouds with morning beams are grac'd ;
To whose bright Figure All devotion pay,
As Stars are courted for a prosp'rous day.

By whom within this Standards mighty Frame,
Are lively imag'd, such past Kings did fame
Each Royal Lin'age, with their Battels fought,
Since first Dominion Trojan *Brute* here sought.
And here the *Romans* to their dread behold
Victor'ous Battels, *Brittains* fought of old ;
With their great Chiefs, and warlike Consuls slain,
That Ages toyl'd in blood, this Isle to gain:
Thus fam'd *Cassivellans* stern Power does stand,
Confronting *Romes* Great *Julius* high Command ;
And as their Bodies joyn, here singly fight,
Whence *Cesar*, and his Power, submit to Flight.
Then *Theomantius*, *Cunoblin* the Bold,
With *Cælus* story'd are, Kings dearly sold
Their *Brittain* Conquests ; more my Muse could name,
But these enough denote this Isles past Fame.
This great Device a Sable Field display'd,
In which a monstrous Dragon 's breathless lay'd ;

Who through his Jaws had gloomy poysons sent,
Like blasts, that *Aetna's* fiery Bowels vent :
Next whose vast bulk, did gasping Gyants lye,
Great as our Antient Stories History ;
Their beamy Spears, couch'd by each owners side,
Whence crimson streams the burthen'd earth had dy'd.
O'r whom in Triumph mighty *George* does shew,
Whose Prowess these, and that huge Serpent flew ;
Though hence our Copies faintly now express,
Some glor'ous Reliques of this fam'd success.
While from our Crown his day receives a Name,
The high, and sacred Record of his fame ;
Which tells enough, his Deeds were great, and more,
Than e'r had *Brittish* Blood renown'd before.
Opposing this from a vast Banners height,
Was seen *Romes* then known *Casars* Martial fight :
His Portraiture, in Purple stately plac'd,
With all past Trophies that Great Name had grac'd,

These

These vast Triumphant Char'ots stately drew,
And Conquer'd Kings, but their rich Lackeys shew;
While *Rome* her Superstitions to express,
Figures Divinely, Altars in their Dress,
Before which Eastern Monarchs prostrate lye,
Forc'd to adore this bold Divinity;
Their choicer Incense, spent as common smoak,
And in their Gems, now shackl'd, mourn their yoke.
Here dext'rous *Parthians* yield their wounding Bows,
Born with their Quivers in triumphant Shows;
There *Gauls*, and *Germans* quit their mighty Swords,
While *Brittish* Armes fight these Imperial Lords.
From which high Signals these fierce Battels joyn,
With all the spacious wings, that each confine;
Who, as rough waves, now one another force,
Which tydes, and winds opposing, fight their course.
Like matchless Rivals, *Brittains* Chiefs contend,
Which shall most Foes to death by Prowess send;

And

And from their Princely Leaders Patterns take,
How each may more renown'd, their valours make.
With fierce *Darander* bold *Corinus* vyes;
With *Torringer*, *Clarinus* bravely tries,
How to repress their death-despising Foe;
As far does *Troylus*, and *Androgenus* go.
Then *Vortiger*, through wings of mighty Horse,
Conducts his Troops, a bold victorious course;
Where fierce *Alvatrix* did his *Gauls* array,
And like to lightning, force their speedy way.
Which soon the Gallick onset heat had tam'd,
Which makes their Passion more than valour fam'd;
Whose first Assaults, than Manhood more express,
And but resisted, Women force not less.
On these the *Brittains* constant virtues gain,
That Wars encreasing fury still maintain;
As if for *Mars* alone their Tempers were,
Whose highest dangers can't impress their fear.

With

With like success, *Martianus* put to flight,
The other wing, where hardy *Romans* fight;
As for his late defeat they now must pay
The Expiations of this Bloody Day.
But *Romes* vast Body yet unshaken stands,
Ribb'd by prov'd Legions, and *Triarian* Bands;
That oft had taught the worlds stern Pow'rs to fly,
Or else had dar'd them, foot to foot, to dye:
Hence darken'd was the Air by Mists of Pyles,
While clouds of Arrows shew the *Brittains* Toyles;
VVhich *Roman* Targets loaded now did bear,
As they in Helmets did their Jav'lins wear.
Soon *Albianus* had this Body fought,
And in the thickest dangers *Ennius* fought;
Who in a well-form'd Posture does receive
The wounds, and terrors, which his on-sets give:
As a tall Oak with shiver'd limbs does stand,
Towering his head against the winds Command;

'Till his strong bulk more powerful blasts do cleave,
And Avenues for their rough passage leave :
Thus rooted seems this Body, whose bold fight
The Consuls lofty Conduct does incite ;
Hoping by these to save his mighty fall,
And each Centurions furious aid does call.
Recounting how their *Julius Caesar* stood (blood ;
The *Nervian* Armes , when *Rome* had spent more
As ev'n its Nation, in that day were lost,
Hoping this will, as dearly *Brittains* cost. (fly
VVhat though our Wings, (now imp'd with *Gauls*) do
That can't from *Romans* learn to stand, and dye :
Let not your Eagles their Example take,
VVhile here your Armes may such a Quarry make.
And now these Bodies do so closely meet,
That arme with arme, encounters, feet with feet ;
Scarce having space their wounding swords to sway,
As both sides seem, fierce wraстlers for the Day.

Here

Here Chief with Chief, by wond'rous deeds contend,
Which shall receive from each a bloody end ;
There num'rous Militants their force imploy,
Who most heroick shall a Foe destroy.
Then *Albianus* with stupend'ous might,
Forces this strong Battal'ons dreadful fight ;
As from the North a mighty whirlwind blowes,
Breaking defences its high rage oppose :
Some by his Steed are trampled to the ground ;
Others his stately Spear gives deaths last wound ;
Or on its point does toss them out his way,
And thus kills such his arme disdains to slay.
While this high act, his bolder Troops pursue,
As waves in crowds through narrow breaches flow,
Until the Seas swift pow'r more room does gain,
And leads its battail'd billows o'r the Plain,
To wide this entrance, *Brittish* Chariots speed,
Which bold *Corinus* did to wonder lead ;

Whose

Whose furious motions *Roman Pow'rs* confound,
And seem like thunder, rowl'd in clouds to sound.
VWhose furious speed no strength of Foes could stay
Not if the *Grecian Phalanx*, their swift way
Had with *Romes Powers* oppos'd, or Punick Might,
Whose Rankes with Elephants, were lin'd in fight,
Fix'd to their Axes, mighty Sithes that Mow
Their way through Legions, nor by them a Foe,
Entirely dies, some limbes, from limbes divide,
Others Men sever, who in halves here dy'd.
No less the Cavalry, their fight annoys,
VWhose Horse, as variously their Force destroyes,
Amazing Foes, with their strange way of fight
Sometimes out-driving Winds, or in their Flight
Quick as a Thought, Amongst their Foes could stay
And thence, make Glorious Sallies for the day,
Which being done, as nimble they retreat,
And on their loaded Teams in order meet ;

Whence

Whence as they drive, they each way Arrows send,
Missing no mark, their dextrous aims intend,
This way of fight, if we may credit Fame;
With *Trojan* Heroes to this Isle first came:
By which their Prowess wonders had atchiev'd,
Though scarce so great, as this day *Brittains* did.
And thus amaz'd, the *Romans* had beheld
Their mighty Pow'rs, by these fierce drifts o'rwhelm'd,
While *Albianus* in each on-set won,
Such fam'd success, as their best Legions run.
Yet now Heroick grief does wound his breast,
To see Foes dye, thus bravely did resist;
And Princely mourns the Price this Day had cost,
As he beholds such warlike *Brittains* lost.
How will the harmless *Tillager* complain
In after Ages, of this dismal Plain?
When limbs of Heroes, shall affright his toyles,
And his encrease enrich from bloody spoiles?

While

VWhile *Romans* hence record a fatal Day,
As when they bled at lost *Pharsalia*;
Or left Great *Crassus* for a *Parthian* Boast,
VWith all the Glories of his yielding Hoast.
More to encrease their terrors, does appear
The bold *Favonius*, whom *Bouduca* here
Had sent with stout Reserves of *London* Horse,
Who their broke Pow'rs, with renew'd slaughters force
And Royal *Vortiger* does now return,
VWith warlike *Martianus*, whose hearts burn,
To finish Conquest on the Body too,
As they did gloriously the Wings pursue,
VWhile *Phæbus* Radiant Chariot had possess'd
The setting Evening Glories of the VVest,
And nights black Curtain vail'd the guilded sky;
As *Brittish* Armes determin'd Victory.
This Instant well the subtle *Ennius* knew,
Must something aid his past misfortune too;

Who

Who now his broken Pow'r's retreating fights,
And, to his Camp in *Kent*, conducts their flights.
Like to some Lion, that too bold did prey,
Fears next his courage might himself betray;
And weary'd with his furious toyles, does then
Retiring, seek his advantageous Den.

The End of the Fourth Canto:

The

The Fifth Canto.

NOW Fate, that waited on this Bloody Day,
Sees cloudy night, new tragick Scenes display ;
Whose fierce confusions ev'n my Muse affright,
That like some Virgin, fears sad Tales of night.
Such dreadful dangers, we may well suppose,
Besel her much-lov'd *Britains* from their Foes ;
Who beaten thus, unconquer'd seem to flie,
And deaths return, as they retreating dye.
While Stars in haste their several Stations take,
And in their Sphæres new Trepidations make ;
Fearing removes for every Heroes fall,
And thus disorder'd, their bright Councils call:
The wandring Glories to the Ecliptick run,
There to advise, without their Lord the Sun ;

In whose bright stead, refulgent *Mars* does shine.
His Rayes inthron'd, on heavens Meridian line,
Who thus begins, To me, you Planets know,
Belongs the fate of Martial Powers below ;
Nor will our Sovereign Light his beams convey,
In Wars Decrees, but lets my influence sway.
Not though the world is quickned by his rayes.
And time supported in its aged dayes ;
Whence Mortals live, and tell their happy hours,
But own their greater Glories from my Powers.
Nor do those Regions *Phabus* Tracts confine,
Betwixt the Tropicks, and more burning Line ;
Heroes produce, to execute my flame,
So oft, as where rough *Boreas* sounds his Name.
Of these my Aspects have fierce Romans fam'd,
Who but this Isle, the warring VWorld have tam'd ;
Giving their Stories leave to boast, that I
Begot their first Heroick Majesty :

And

And shall to these now British Armes give Law,
Or, I, (their God ador'd,) my beams withdraw;
And not assist their Conduct, while I see
Their brave Retreat deserves yet victory.
This said, the rest their brighter sense convey
From orb, to orb, by mingling each a ray;
Which *Venus* craves, she may to *Mars* express;
And thus begins to him her soft Address.
Great Star of Glory, if my Gentler shine,
Or those lov'd Aspects I have had with thine,
Oblige thy influence, let it befriend
These British VVorthies, with Great *Romes* contend.
Nor can it be, but glory to thy Name,
To crown success, where virtue makes such claim;
And let not Mortals think they merit more,
Than we repay, or justly they implore.
Enough have Romans a bold havock made,
Five bloody Ages, since they did invade

This

This Isle, where Nature breeds such souls for warr,
And women, that our lusts may compare,
For whose fair sakes, behold I often fought,
With trembling beams to thee, as these still fought;
VWhile *Cynthia* did, (as now) her visage shrowd,
And but by Peeps, beheld thee from a cloud.
Vowing by her best influence, that she
In no Eclipse, felt such extremity;
As when she late beheld *Bonduca's* woe,
For which she wears some spots unseen till now:
This said, Great *Mars* salutes her with a beame,
And thus replies, Thou Star of Loves soft flame,
Think not thy Intercession I'll despise,
Who art the brightest Glory of our skies;
A higher Providence than our Decrees,
Has hitherto led Roman Victories;
I know full well our Aspects but incline,
Though of great Natures Causes, most divine.

Nor shall my Rayes to Britains partial prove,
Whose valour equal with thy Beams I love ;
To *Gemini* my Orb shall wander now,
Thy lov'd Ascendant, and this Islands too.
This done, the rest to happy Aspects glyde,
By Tracts, till this stupendous night untry'd,
While *Venus* does her soft Conjunction joyn,
With *Mars* his Sphære, to court his gentle shine.
Oft had the Romans with enraged sense,
Invok'd Heav'ns more auspicious influence ;
Wondring that it should lend a glimmering eye,
T'inlighten Britains, while their Powers do fly.
Then does fierce *Ennius* bid his Soothsayers waite ;
What they can gather from decrees of Fate ;
Or where no ominous Raven croaks this night,
That Romans now, their bold Retreatings fight.
His Brandisht Spear then upward does extend,
Whence great refulgent *Mars* his beams does send ;

Asking

Asking whe'r hee'l a shining witness be,
Whilst British Arms force Roman Pow'rs to flye?
Or if bright *Venus* shall oblige thy Beams,
Acquaint her, that I yield to Loves soft flames;
And though I Britains fight, *Bonduca* love,
If that her kinder influence may improve.
Now had *Alvatrix* rally'd from their flight,
Great Troups of Gauls, to ayd the Consuls fight;
Who now would seem to banish their swift fear,
And with new eager fury Britains dare,
Hoping the days past toys would faint their Powers,
Or fate oppose them, with nights dismal hours;
Thus does this Chief inflame their hearts and arms,
Not judging *Ennius* felt *Bonduca's* charms:
Or as his Rival now, fights Loves cause more,
Than to triumph for *Romes* victorious Power.
Though from this *Gaul* he subt'ly does conceal,
What time, or prosp'rous leasure best reveal.

Closely their foes pursu'd had Britains fought,
As their retreats to bloody halts are brought ;
While *Romes* great Chief by bold degrees does fly,
Leaving the Earth behind a crimson die.
Whose ripen'd Harvest with rude hoofs they tread,
That *Ceres* mourns, the blessings she had bred ;
And thinks that Nature vainly does provide,
To nourish men so full of hostile pride.
Or that the world, so largely by her blest,
Should not have room for humane Pow'rs to rest ;
Who like the foes of Nature, still must be
Contending, to usurp her Monarchy.
Thus Heav'n incens'd, does cloud this dreadful night ;
While Stars, (as dimmer Tapers,) lend their light ;
Whence fierce Confusions to each side accrue,
And as they seek out Foes, their friends pursue
The British Ensignes, mixt with Romans stay,
And thus in bloody Mingles both sides slay ;

Experi-

Experienc'd Chiefs, not knowing where to guide,
While ev'n their ranks their fighting foes divide.
Each generous Steed, that did undaunted bear
His Heroes burthen, tramples now in fear ;
Lest on some Masters friend, his steps should tread,
And thus by wary snorts discern the dead.
While some, that had their valiant burthens lost,
Charge wild revenges on each mighty Hoast ;
Whose nimble Fury does the wind out-flye,
And where Spears thickest range, Assailants dye.
Others (from noble sense, that Nature gives
This Creature, which for Man so usefull lives ;)
Find out their Owners Corps, and lick them o're,
In hope their balmy breaths may life restore.
Wishing their burthens they might bear again,
And in their eager mouths rejoyce their Rain,
That foes might death receive from their bold Scates
And thus their mournful sense laments their fates.

No less disorder'd, from these dark mistakes,
Each British Chariot dreadful conduct makes ;
Whose Guides to unknown Tracts commit their way,
As Pilots steer an unacquainted sea.
While these, like vessels furious winds annoy,
With boistrous meetings do themselves destroy ;
And tackl'd thus to one another, glide,
Till their rough speed does rent them side from side.
Some from their warlike seats their guides hurl down,
And thus to many fatal ends are known ;
While others their bold fury to restrain,
Are drag'd to deaths, as they still grasp their rain,
More to encrease the terrors of this night,
The British Princes had pursu'd the fight,
So bravely home, as many in their Hoast,
Conclude them, in these clouds of danger lost.
Yet in these perils, such wise conduct show,
As thence their foes receive their greatest blow ;

While

While *Albanius* Armes, bravely relieve,
Undaunted on-sets *Vortigers* do give.
Nor do these toyls their pretious bodies bear,
Detain the Expedition of their care ;
Who think it sin, a bleeding wound to stay,
Until by victory they win delay.
Esteeming blood, (where life it self does stream,)
Too cool a vent, for warrs high feavers flame ;
Which man must spend, as Natures noblest Purge,
VWhen Honour, (the Souls Crisis,) does it urge.
Sometimes, their Steeds declin'd) on foot they lead,
To make their Foes the Infantry more dread ;
As soon the Cavalry with ayd supply,
Or else with these to them in succours fly.
Thus dismal errors they repair of night,
Heading their Britains with successful fight ;
VWhile now they seem to want no other star,
Since these Illustrious Guides their Conducts are.

But *Albianus*, that with grief had weigh'd,
How nights mistakes, the dayes past conquest stay'd;
Although the *Britains*, with couragious toyls,
Ravisht from Fortune her unwilling smiles:
Like some great Chief, that would his conduct make,
Above what it, or daring Foes can shake;
With warlike *Vortiger* consults the State
Of their success, and *Romes* approaching fate.
From whom the *British* Chiefs Commands receive,
Which their bold onsets a wise respite give;
Whose Bodies rally'd, they embattail'd stand,
To force the glory of their joynt Command.
Mean while, the wary Consul led his Flight
In scatter'd Bodies, aided by the night;
Whose cloudy vail does expedite their way,
Imploring *Phæbus* to hold back the day;
Lest *British* Powers should now behold they fly,
And not like *Romans*, boldly stand, and dye;

Which

Which Vann of fear, the wav'ring *Gauls* now lead,
As Wolves, their fury spent, to covert speed,
Oft had Great *Ennius's* undaunted Soul,
Try'd how his valour might their fears controul ;
Wishing that he could look his Forces dead,
Who palely yield, to quit their warlike head.
Revolving next, How he for love had fought,
And in *Bonduca Roman* glory fought ;
Charging injustice on his Fate to doom
His Arms defeat, and not his Love o'rcome.
While by an open voice, and impious flame,
Aluatrix curses Stars, and Heaven's great Name ;
Wishing that they might ne'r more glory own,
But as close Mourners to the world be shown ;
That yield no Beam, which does success bestow,
Rendring *Bonduca's* Conquest hopeless too:
Whom, (as a Prize of War,) he hop'd to win,
And make his Sword, the Champion of his sin.

He

He raging thus, the Consul strives to make,
His furious heat some temp'rate thoughts partake;
Letting him know, that if with *Rome* he'll war,
He must unmov'd the strokes of Fortune bear.
Or else from *Roman* Heroes learn to die,
Who Fate o'rcame in spite of Victory;
Letting Gods see, how they frail life despise,
That with their hands themselves could sacrifice,
Nor shalt thou want example in me too,
When brave Despair shall bid me Fate subdue:
Thy heart is smitten with *Bonduca's* Beams,
And I both pity, and admire thy flames.
But we may yet this fatal loss repair,
While *Rome*, and *Gaul* has warlike Succours near;
Which by my conduct, and some wise delay,
Shall *Brittish* Arms with greater loss repay.
This said; their Powers disorder'd flight they guide,
Where woods, and gloomy tracts their dangers hide:

And

And thus arriv'd their Camp, in furious haſt ;
As *Phæbus* morning Beams ſalute the Eaſt :
This Camp long ſtood a Fortreſs of *Romes* fame,
And from Great *Julius*, bore *Rhutupia's* Name ;
VVhen firſt in blood he waded to this ſhoar,
And gave *Kent* glory, to oppoſe his Power.
Hither the Princes ſoon direct their courſe,
Circling theſe mighty Ramparts with their force ;
VVhile now their Foes by Arms no further dare,
But in this Fortreſs would prolong deſpair ;
VVhich vaſt defence *Albianus* next ſurveys,
And *Vortiger*, inflam'd to onſet, ſtays ;
Bidding him ſee, as their ſucceſs now ſtood,
'Twill be compleated with ſmall loſs of blood.
Nor needs their force to win, what Foes muſt yield,
If we, but as Beſiegers, keep the Field ;
And make the wanton *Gauls*, and *Romans* feel
Famine, (their Riots hate ;) in ſtead of ſteel.

This

This sage resolve the *Brittish* Chiefes imbrace,
And next the Princes *Martianus* grace,
With supream Conduct, bidding him pursue
The streights of War, and Foes that way subdue.
VWhich great Command with joy his soul receives,
Blessing Heaven now, his aged hours reprieves ;
To see *Rome* thus reduc'd in shame of Fate,
That his brave Arms perversly did defeat.
And next, they grace their warlike Chiefs bold toyles,
Rewarding their high deeds with bounteous spoyles ;
Their valours from *Romes* pompous Powers had won,
Which being with loud Acclamations done,
Tow'rds *London* then a stately March they lead,
Their Arms from Foes, with its fair *Queen* thus freed ;
And with her gracious Councils there decree
How to improve this mighty Victory.

The End of the Fifth Canto.

The Sixth Canto.

AS this fam'd Progress these great Hero's take,
Blaz'd by the hasty flights, that rumours make;
Who thus to *London* with swift joyes resort,
And fair *Bonduca* with glad tydings court.
To whom our Princes now their Journey hast,
Grieving its stately order time should wast;
Each wishing first, their joyes, and deeds to tell,
That gladly would to her in worth excel.
Whose Grace, and Beauty they discourse, the while
Times tedious minutes softly to beguile;
And so concern'd, her bright attractions name,
As if they burn'd, e'r they approach'd the flame.
Not long the Sun left his Meridian line,
His Ev'ning Hemisphaeres bright course to shine;

But

But these great Heroes *London* Towers behold,
That out-shin'd *Parian* works, adorn'd with Gold.
Such Architects, (if Fames Records speak true :)
Did then this Cities stately Structures shew ?
Which by times hand in ruines lie forgot,
VWhose choicest Copies its own Pencils blot.
More near approach'd, they Glor'ous Troops descry,
That soon declare *Bonduca's* Presence nigh ;
Which the choice Flower of *Brittish* youth compleat,
In whom the Charms of *Mars*, and *Venus* meet.
Favonius does their shining Leader come,
Glorious, in *Londons* late Conflicts with *Rome* ;
Where he by dangers did the Queen relieve,
For which, high praise to him the Princes give :
Next *Brittish* Nobles of Illustrious Race,
In War renown'd, or Publick Councils grace ;
Here to the Queen their great Attendance pay,
While she, the glory of this mighty Day,

Rides on a Snow-white Steed, Nature design'd,
The lovely wonder of his beauteous kind;
Whom richest Trappings to his feet adorn,
More pleas'd by him this glorious Guide is borne;
Raising his lofty Crest with stately pride,
Each step he takes, her gentle hand does guide,
And next the Virgin Beauties of her Crown,
(As Waiting Graces) circle near her own;
Who like some Gemm in studs of Jewels set,
Does their bright lusters from her own compleat.
Whose Robes, though splendent, shew their frail excess,
Whom Nature in her choice Attires did dress;
That Art her Beauties fruitlessly adorn,
As what can deck the glorious Spring, or Morn.
And thus appears the Presence of this Queen,
With such amazement, by the Princes seen;
As they a while by deepest wonders speak,
How much her lusters their impressions make.

Who

Who now, as guilty of a beauteous fear, (pare;
That Love from her bright charms should darts pre-
Stayes with a blush, before she can express,
How much she joyes their Presence, and success.
And thus with gracious modesty begins,
What Heaven inflicts on our Foes impious sins,
The means great Princes in your valour's shown,
Which *Brittain* must eternally renown.
What ! (but your Conduct,) *Romans* could subdue,
Who made the World their fatal Conquests rue ?
And harra's'd long our Countrey by Wars toyles,
Triumphing with our captive Kings, and spoyles ?
Or what could eager *Gauls*, (we more abhorre ;)
Have thus reduc'd, but that you led our war ?
To which my Crown, and more my self I owe,
Redeem'd from *Ennius*, and *Alvatrix* too.
This said, the Princes, by apt words declare
How much they joy their Conduct in this warr,

Reliev'd

Reliev'd her City, and what's valu'd more,
Oblig'd her Virtues, they so much adore:
Which must for ever live upon her Name,
And from her Glory, give her Sex a Fame;
VVhom Foes unconquer'd by their Armes did prove,
And what is more their Fate, despiz'd their Love.
And as great Victors to some Shrine address
The Spoils, and Trophies of their fam'd success;
Thus to the Queen they conquer'd Glories vow,
And make Loves Zeal, Faiths sacred Rival too.
Here Gums Arabick Trees in drops distill,
As common liquors vastest measures fill;
With heaps of Silk of choicest *Tyrian* Dye,
That deck'd their Tents, and Beds of Ivory.
Next these, huge Carkanets of Gems betray
The Jewel'd Tributes, which the East did pay;
Who, as *Romes* Slaves, their bowell'd wealth explore,
And drown for Pearls, that pay'd their conquer'd Shoar.

Which, as if Nature had her Treasures glean'd,
Or else the Earth alone, for *Rome* maintain'd ;
Threatn'd to ruine her luxurious store,
And with the subdu'd world, her self keep poor.
The Queen with wonder having view'd these spoils ;
Highly renowns the Princes matchless toils ;
And thinks this present, at their valours price,
Too much the glory of her Sacrifice.
Then from her Steed, with gracious ease descends,
And to each Prince, a hand (first kiss'd) extends ;
By whom she's to her stately Chariot brought,
That curious hands, with labour'd cost, had wrought,
Her seat betwixt these Heroes there she takes,
And with her lusters such impressiion makes ;
As if Lights Orbe contracted in her face,
And this, the Chariot of the Suns bright Race.
T'wards *London* thus, she with these Glories Rides,
'Twixt whom, her grace, and words, she so divides ;

As if even Natures Power she could out-doe,
And with one Soul, supply'd the gifts of Two.
Sometimes the Princes gently does Intreat,
Their wondrous deeds, and dangers to relate ;
As if she'd Honor give Perpetual Themes,
Or yield Love glorious means, to charm his Flames.
And thus arrives her City, where no State
Is wanting, can magnificence compleat ;
Whose stately Orders solemn duties pay,
To speak the joy, and splendor of this day. (hung,)
Pass'd through these streets (with Flowers & Garlands
Where eyes in windows croud, and People throng ;
This Royal Presence, with glad hearts to view,
Wishing some one of these their Queen may woo.
Then with these Hero's she ascends a Throne
Her Royal Predecessors long did own ;
Which wond'rous Frame in polish'd stone is wrought,
As *Parian* work might hence have Copies sought.

Whose Bottom shin'd as clear as Mirrors-doe;
Circled with Pillars, bright reflections show;
And through each space stood noblest creatures carv'd,
Some think the same, that *Noahs* Ark preserv'd.
Nor were its Mediums less for beauty prais'd,
VWhile in such order each Ascent is rais'd;
As best skill'd Architects must hence admire
Those hands, that could so happily conspire.
The Royal Cov'ring, which this Frame did bear,
Is story'd by the artful Painters care;
Where antient Heroes in vast Figures lie,
VVith *Atlas*, said t'uphold the falling Sky.
Hence they behold Great *Londons* vast Contents,
The Seat of Natures choice Emoluments;
VWhich wise Antiquity had planted here,
That times succeeding might renown their care.
And hence they view the silver Flood of *Thames*,
Brighter than *Zanthus*, or fam'd *Symois* Streams;

In which the Gods, their limbs were said to lave,
And visit *Thetis* in a chrystal wave.
To *Neptunes* bosome thus it gently glides,
Returning thence; inricht with pregnant Tides;
By secret sympathy, or *Cynthia's* power;
That streams can swell, without the help of shower.
While stately Vessels, swift as winds here steer,
Some fraught with Traffique, others built for Warr;
As if that Age heroickly foresaw,
This supreme Isle should to the main give law.
And hence, they wond'rous Aqueducts survey,
That this Great City useful streams convey;
While works in water Engines raise so high,
As if they'd Merceors place above the Sky.
And now as *Rome* would add a glory too,
Or *Gauls* repent their crim's, in being a Foe;
Their Legats from *Martianus* convoy'd come,
Who of these Princes crave a Peace from *Rome*,

This

This Embassy, a *Gaul* of subtile brain
Does manage, that deceit could wilely feign ;
Who knew the *Brittish* hearts too great to be
Suspecters, ev'n in Foes, of treachery,
And to this glorious presence has access;
Cloath'd in the soft Attires of *Gallick* dress ;
Whose Vests, as various forms, and colours show,
As if they pattern'd from *Thaumantias* Bow,
On this a Perriwig more long he wears,
Than the dishevel'd locks of Virgins hairs ;
And thus with suppliant knees, and fawning face,
(The mode of *Gaul*) his Errand hopes to grace.
Then first relates, how *Rome*, and *Gaul* conspire
To make a lasting Peace, their joynt desire ;
Since they behold what wonders Heaven had wrought
For *Brittish* Powers, while theirs opposing fought.
And next, does magnifie the Princes Arms,
Whose valour gives their Foes such pow'rful charms ;

That

That their great Chiefs submit to sue for Peace,
And call the *Brittains* friend, if Arms they'l cease.
Though *Rome* with succours soon can them supply,
Or Great *Alvatrix*, from his *Gauls* more nigh ;
Whose Arms did but neglect of Love pursue,
Yet to the Queen, that guilt repenteth too.
By me pronouncing, how his soul relents
His late Hostilities, and dire Intent ;
In which her City, more (her self) did share,
His Love, and Arms, made guilty of her fear.
For which, if I with offer'd Peace return,
He'll soon to *Gaul* retire, this crime to mourn ;
Nor does Great *Ennius* design to be
With you, (sam'd Princes,) hence at enmity.
Who by your virtues, more than Arms o'come,
Would make you ally'd friends of Mighty *Rome* ;
Leaving your Country, and this Beauteous Queen,
To give her love, as best to Heaven is seen.

This said, the Princes serious counsel take,
How safe Replies, this Embassy to make;
Who, though they *Gallick* Arts, and *Romes* distrust,
Conclude in faith, these dare not be unjust.
Since thus reduc'd by a victor'ous Fate,
But this so high concern of Arms, and State,
These Hero's joyntly to the Queen referre,
Whose Cause they own, the glory of this warre.
While she, though willing to embrace a Theme,
In which their warlike deeds such merits claim;
Yet gently wishes they'd her tongue now spare,
Too soft to accent the rough Laws of warre.
And thus her ruby lips contain a space,
Each look first speaking, Majesty, and Grace;
As if like Stars, they could her sense convey,
Through the bright influence of a beam, or ray.
Then to this Embassy, in brief replies,
What with these Royal Princes she decrees;

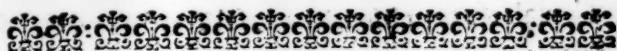
Whose

Whose valours have oblig'd her cause so far,
That for their sakes, 'twere sin to wish more war.
If (as he says) Great *Ennius* does repent,
And more, *Alvatrix* does his rage relent;
Which threatn'd ev'n her City, and her Name,
With Fire, and Arms, and, more unwelcome, Flame.
Yet thus incens'd, her vote shall mercy show
To this Legation, of a cruel Foe;
On whom their Arms might utmost vengeance take,
Who beat in field, their Camp a refuge make,
But if that *Rome*, and *Gaul*, no more will be
To *Britains*, or their Country Enemy;
She'll with the Princes, grant they Truce obtain,
On Faith giv'n ne'r invade this Isle again.
To which this Legat guilefully consents,
Vowing his Masters peaceful fair intents;
By all the Gods, that *Rome*, and *Gaul* revere,
Prophaning Faith at once, and Heav'ns just Ear.

Then

Then to *Martianus* these great Chiefs express,
That he with *Rome*, and *Gaul* his Arms should cease,
If on their plighted faith this Isle they leave,
In forty dayes, till when a Truce must have.
With feign'd Congratulations then departs
This cringing Legat, full of *Gauls* smooth Arts;
The Mimicks, in whom Nature forms deceit,
And whence the world does pattern modes to cheat.
Which as an impious President foreshows,
That *Gauls* would still be *Britains* faithless Foes,
Who by feign'd Treaties more our Arms deceiv'd,
Than e'r their Swords by victory repriev'd,
And now the Queen descends this stately Throne,
Their joyes with all magnificence to own
In Court, and City; while they first express
Their Thanks to heav'n for their fam'd Arms success.

The End of the First Book.



T H E

Brittish Princes:

A N

Heroick Poem.

 B O O K II.

The First Canto.



He Gen'rous Victor, to renown

his Bayes,

Devotes to Peace some glory

of his dayes ;

Pleas'd, that his Armes her gentle Thrones restore,

Fit to partake the ease of mighty Power.

Though

Though oft great Monarchs artful Treaties make,
Which by vile stratagems of Faith they break;
And by perfidious leasure respite warre,
More Engines of destruct' on to prepare,
While these Great *British* Princes having rais'd
Trophies of war, Fame through the world had blaz'd,
(No less Heroick) grant their Foes a Peace;
The Noble End, just Arms must guide, and cease.
Nor did these Hero's *Roman* Arts distrust,
Or *Gauls*, in faith reputed more unjust;
Since from their conqu'ring mercy, Truce they gain,
Less imp'ous held, than plighted faith to feign;
Or tempt their Arms to Conquest to pursue,
And heav'n oblige to joyn in vengeance too.
From whence the great (*devoutly wise*) must own
All high atchievements of the Sword, or Throne;
That Power by Sacred Tyes may Mankind awe,
Too rough alone to guide with humane Law;

Thus

Thus from the world, Heav'ens legislative book
Of Providence, Domin'on Copies took;
Left Chance, or Guilt entitle Scepters here,
And like tam'd Beasts, Men without conscience fear.
Whence first industrious Rulers vulgars taught,
How Order, Heav'ns Great Works divinely wrought,
While Power then Infant, to perfection grew,
And made Faith primitive with Reason too.
Thus Man from Nature Heaven did first revere,
E'r Priesthoods pious frauds induc'd their fear;
Who Man directed from this Road to stray,
That these (as hireling Guides) might lead his way.
And here themselves set up, e'r mankind saw
How Sects had mask'd the face of heav'ns bright Law;
Who like Seel'd Doves, their souls had taught to fly
That lose themselves, in hope to reach the Sky,
Thus Reason, and Belief, at difference grew;
Instructing more than from Heav'ns works men knew,

On

On which, while they with wondring prospect look,
Admire Faiths Text, unwritten in this Book.
While that reflects a Being to our sense,
In this vast mirror, of omnipotence;
And but the essence from us does conceal,
Too great for Natures Glasses to reveal.
Hence Man, from her own Institutes, first read
The Book of Heav'n, in VVorks, and Causes spread,
Not daring further by rash zeal to pry,
Left Faith should prove his own bold mystery.
This antient zeal in *Britain* practic'd stood,
Untaught from Sects, the seeds of war, and blood;
VVho wayes to Heav'n by sev'ral tracts devise,
As if Faiths could be various, and wise:
Or that above such peaceless Conducts were,
As wings of discord Souls must thither bear:
VVhilst in the Worlds great Volume here we find
A Sacred Order, and unerring mind.

And

And hence with pity did our *Britains* see
The worlds divided bold Divinity ;
As if heav'ns works did not enough declare,
Or to Beliefs alone, defective were.
While they with sober eyes heav'ns Volume read,
Securely rev'renc'd by implicit dread,
To which, in Natures works, their sense must bow,
That Faith on Reasons wings may upward go.
But as contemplative Devotions seem
Useless Conceptions on a Sacred Theam ;
Except the Soul oblige the sense to be,
A due subservient in each faculty.
Which here a publick practice did avow,
That Temples Sacred Dedications show ;
The Presence Chambers kept on Earth, for Heaven,
Where Souls united-Rev'rence best is given.
Hither the Princes, as the early morn,
With rosie blushes does the East adorn,

In Royal state, with Great *Bonduca* come,
To pay their thanks for vanquish'd *Gaul*, and *Rome*,
Yet in so solemn pomp they now appear,
As does on vulgar eyes impress heav'n's fear;
While Princes scarce divinely Subjects sway,
Unless they guide them their celestial way.
A Robe of *Arthurs*, *Albianus* wears,
Which his great Lineage, and Atchievements bears;
Kept sacred to adorn his mighty line,
When Temples with their offer'd Trophies shine.
A Vest as Admir'd *Vertiger* had on,
Which from this Islands foes his Grandfire won;
Whose artful colour pass'd the *Tyrian* Dye,
Oblig'd to triumph in this Legacy. beams)
'Twixt these, the Queen more bright, than Morning
Whose beauties, Poets might have wish'd their theams,
When they the *Cyprian* Goddess feign'd to be
Loves matchless Copy, and Divinity.

Her Robes were like the Easts bright Curtains drawn,
With Stars embroider'd, that precede the dawn;
Which curious Virgins had with needles wrought,
And to their beauteous Queen a present brought.
O'r these in Tresses hangs her Aubrone hair,
Softer than Gossamors, that glide the air;
While on her head a golden Crown is worn,
And in her hand a Jewell'd Scepter born.
Thus to this Temple Queen, and Princes came,
Which, if my Muse can credit give to Fame,
In *London* stood a Fane of more renown,
Than other Cities through the world had known.
No date so antient, to record the Day,
When this vast building in foundation lay;
Whither from hands, that stone could liquid mould,
The *Gothick* long lost Art, or *Dorrick* old,
White Marble works the onward Frame adorn,
By mighty Pillars of like substance born;

And at some distance to the eye does show
Like Alpine Mountains, cover'd o'r with snow.
And though this Fane did wond'rous art compleat ;
The Dedication's more divinely great ;
Which here to Nature's sacred works is rais'd ,
From whence the Godhead, though unknown, is
O'r a high Portal an Inscript'on's read, prais'd.
In antient Text, that speaks this Temples dread ;
By which time (Nature's Child) stands figur'd young,
Who feels no age, though ages does prolong.
No less admir'd the inside does appear,
As if Art, only plac'd her wonders here ;
Or Nature had her choice mater'als brought,
And with these Artist's hands, her self had wrought.
The inward structures were of polish'd stone,
From Quarries brought, to man this day unknown;
Which like Heav'n's face, their Azure glories shew,
Or clearest Saphirs of the richest blew.

Whose

VVhose spacious Roof such lofty Pillars bear,
As tallest Cedars shrubs to them appear:
On which their skill (as from above inspir'd;)
Such works had wrought, no mortal like admir'd;
While from the Walls, the Roof, and Pavements here
So strangely represented objects are,
As 'twas some doubt to all in heart unclean,
These stones reflections should express their stain:
VVhich speaks how pure the souls of men should be,
That here adore this great Divinity.
VVithin this mighty Fane were lesser seen,
To Natures Morals had long sacred been,
As Justice, Temp'rance, divine Charity,
And Fortitude, whose glory crowns the three.
But loves Religion, (a mysterious grace;)
Has from all these, a fifth divided place;
VVhich for mans sake, this heav'nly Name must give,
Left claim'd by beasts, from procreation live.

Here the vow'd Lover takes his bloomy Bride,
Her Virgin Zone, by Maiden hands unty'd ;
VV here Monuments were rais'd to give such fame,
That bare through wedlock an unspotted name.
But these my Muses Records faintly shew ,
VVhich tells, that Mar'age, happy then, made few,
And though tow'rdshav'n, thus chain'd, such seem to
Proves but too oft, the schism, & war of love. (move,
Yet here (for Loves repute,) some Virgins lye
In Chrystal Tombs, were said love-sick to die ;
Though this the Modern doubtfully believe,
Since this disease it self such cures can give.
The Queen, and Princes passing these Fanes by,
Each casts on Loves, their more indulgent eye ;
As if they'd secretly his ayd implore,
Or would his Altars, above all, adore.
Pass'd through the Body of this Temple, they
See Iv'ry Gates, a spacious Quire display ;

VVhich

VVhich but admittance gives on solemn dayes,
The High Appartment call'd, of Natures praise.
And here the *Druids*, so renown'd by Fame,
In order stand to celebrate this Name ;
Their Priestly Vestments of a speckled green,
As in her bloomy Livery Spring is seen.
VVhose Pow'r Divine in Mystick Notes they sing,
VVith all her Summer glories, and her Spring ;
VVhence Vegetives, without sence, life receive,
And Man, and Beasts, does healthful vigors give.
Describing next the Oceans vast extent,
VVith all the motions of that Element ;
VVhy *Egypt's Nile* so usefully does flow,
VVhile other Streams their narrow Ebbs must know.
Then from stupend'ous Rolls of Natures Law,
Præcepts from humane life divinely draw ;
Free from disguise, in controverted Texts,
The marks of Error, and the Badge of Sects,

And thus these sacred Monitors declaim
Vice, (the Souls riot) in our Bodies frame;
But not, as this day, Priests our souls invade,
Since damning men was then an unknown Trade.
Lest Nature we a guilty party make,
VWho from her own excesses frailties take;
Or that Heav'n should to us no pity give,
That with the seeds of vice, are born, and live.
And here the *Bards* Prophetick Order's shown,
Whom *Brittish* Stories less than Fames Renown;
Clad like the *Druids*, but they Badges wear,
VWhich only Natures Prophets here must bear.
These from the Sun, and Moon, and Starry Sky,
Or blazing Comets, some tell move as high;
Predict effects, that Mortals dread below,
And thence Aerial Meteors Causes show,
VWith these *Merlinus* fam'd above the rest,
Appears, his head with Lawrel Chaplets drest;

VWho

Who gave Philosophy a sublime Fame,
And from the Muses had a sacred Name:
Whose Leaves (than Sybils more admir'd) were kept,
Within this Temple, till Times hand had swept
This Frame to Rubbage; that his works seem now,
But fictions wonders, his false Copies show.
And here he dedicates a wond'rous Sphære,
That *Archymedes* fam'd could not compare;
In which the Sun, his lov'd Ecliptick, shines,
With every Planets Orb, and various Lines.
And as these rowl within a starry Sky,
A space transparent entertains the eye;
The Sphære of Atoms call'd, Natures first seed,
Which scatter'd hence, some think the world did breed.
And these like cinders, glomer in a flame,
Figur'd more bright than all the starry Frame;
In which this mighty Artift had confin'd,
By mystick marks, the worlds eternal mind.

The Queen, and Princes having thus beheld,
How great *Merlinus* Art all known excell'd;
With bended knees, this sacred Frame adore,
Copy'd from Natures providence, and pow'r.
To whose high Name they glor'ous Off'rings spread,
On Altars rais'd to express their souls high Dread;
With Trophies, that from *Rome*, and *Gaul* were won,
The Bards, and Druids having Praises sung,
This mighty temple then in state thy leave,
And Peoples joyes through spacious streets receive.
While *Londons* roofs, laid waste by foes and fire,
With stately Edifices now aspire;
By num'rous hands, and Artists wond'rous powers,
Thick, as in Summer, Bees returne from flowers,
Their waxen Cells in busie Swarms to raise;
Or as the Ant provides for winter dayes;
But more than happy they, that live to see
London repair her late calamity;

Whose

Whose structures, flames (without Foes aid) consum'd,
Yet like the Phœnix, (in her dust intomb'd)
May she spring from her ashes, and renew
Her antient splendors, with far greater too;
And if my Muse can true Præfages give,
Her Name from Fate, shall yet more famous live.
And thus to Court this Royal State repairs,
Where Joy a glorious face of greatness bears;
The dayes remains, in sumptuous mirth to spend,
And thus this vast Magnificence does end.

The End of the First Canto.

The second Canto.

NOW, as the Queen, the Princes entertains,
With all the splendor, her great Court contains:
And thus does add a Glory to the Night,
While Stars, as dimmer Tapers, lend their light:
Though willing now to give Nights hours delay,
That slow Bootes tardy drift might stay;
And *Ariadne*, with her starry Crown,
By a lov'd leasure, on this Court look down:
Wishing the Queens bright Rival she might be,
And give her love celestial dignity;
If *Albianus* worth produce that flame,
Or *Vortigers*, so much renown'd by Fame.
But long these Princes think each hours repose,
Till *Phæbus* had from *Thetis* bosom rose;

And

And saw the Queen his Morning glories grace,
Design'd with them, to hunt the Harts swift Chace.
Who with great Troops of Noble *Brittains* wait,
And num'rous Guards attending their high State ;
While noise of Trumpets, and the shriller Horn,
Salute the Queen, with tydings of the morn.
And she from Loves soft Fever of the Breast,
Or cares of rule, had early broke her rest,
The Thorns, that in such high Plantations grow,
Whence Subjects learn, how much they Princes owe.
And with a Troop of Beauties now appears,
Where each a glorious Zone, and Quiver bears ;
While from her sholder hangs a pretious Bow,
Whose use the *Brittish* Virgins then did know.
In such a nymph-like presence Poets place
The fam'd *Diana*, when she takes the Chace ;
Or does her *Chorus* eminently lead ,
By some transparent stream, or flowry Mead.

And

And now her steed she takes, that champing stands,
Pleas'd with the Bit, which curbs him from her hands;
As if he did all other rein despise,
Or only would be guided from her eyes.

To *Eppin* Forrest now they lead their way,
Fam'd for the Chace, and hunting of this day;
Though both concludes with fierce attempts of fate,
From whence my Muse records a bloody date.
Soon had the Huntsmen, (watchful spies of Game)
Discover'd where a Stag to harbor came,
Of such prodigious growth, as if he liv'd,
For Natures wonder, purposely repriev'd.
His years, most antient Woodmen sought in vain,
That Ages o'r the horny Heard did reign;
And like times fatal Monster, liv'd to see,
The death of all his lasting progeny.
No Oak his mighty shade, but first he knew
A tender slip, and saw its with'ring too;

While

While num'rous Ravens so long-liv'd, Men tell,
From the aspiring top, before him fell.
And now insults o'r death, as if that he,
Could live to see times own Mortality;
And like *Narcissus* pleas'd, does view such Brooks,
That bright reflect his comely head, and looks.
The heard him Monarch own, and quit their claims
To all their Females, yielding to his flames;
Where Virgin-Hinds from his hot seasons fly,
Least by his mighty love, and strength they dye.
And Age, (the Worlds Experience) made him wise,
That he declines us'd Pathes by Forrest-spies,
Frequenting shades more dark than cloudy night;
And scarce does feed, or live, by dayes broad light.
But now to crop some pleasing ears of corn,
Had took too long repast this fatal morn;
And having drunk of the adjoyning Flood,
Swam thence discern'd, to harbor in a wood.

Which,

Which, as this Royal presence now surrounds, (hounds;
The Woodmen throw off Packs of their staunch
Dogs, on whose smels, their Masters sense relies;
That equal trust their Noses, with their Eyes.
And these, whose subtle nostrils grateful find,
To chace the greatest of this horny kind;
Swiftly pursue the Slots of this huge Deer,
And rouse him from his mighty Layer here.
While he, that oft his wary eyes had clos'd,
In these thick shades, to ease, and sleep repos'd;
Where Nightingales did charming requiems sing,
Now hears the furious Hounds loud clamors ring.
Who first to give some respite to his fear,
Hopes 'twas but thunder wounds his watchful ear;
But, when he knows they'r Hounds, prepares to fly,
And if that fail, no Stag like him shall dye.
His mighty limbs then stretches out in state,
Hoping his feet are nimbler wing'd than fate:

And

And through the wood with wondrous swiftness breaks,
While oaks, he, with his springs, like whirlwinds shakes,
Thus to th' adjoyning Lawn, does take his flight,
Where the fair Queen, and Princes wait his sight ;
On whom he looks with a Majestick view,
That they him Monarch of his Race might know.
Then to the Herd he makes, to try if they
Will let their Sov'raign be to Dogs a prey ;
Minding them of their piercing Horns defence,
And calls their flights, ignoble innocence.
While these, that did him Sov'raign duties owe,
Consult their safeties, and decline his now ;
Like some base vulgars, that for ends, or fear,
Desert their Prince, lest they his dangers share.
With frowns then curls his brow, and shakes his head,
As if he'd speak revenge to all that fled ;
But he alas is but a Prince of Deer,
Whom Nature chiefly arms with flight, and fear.

And

And thus forlorn, in stately haſt does flye
 Scorning ſuch vaſſals dare not with him dye:
 As ſome great Chief, diſtreſs'd by Fate, and Foes,
 Safety by flight unwillingly had choſe.
 And as he is the mightieſt of his kind,
 In ſuch proportion does his ſpeed now find;
 Yet ſo magnanimous, deſigns his haſt,
 That Lyon-like, unſeen, he runs moſt faſt.
 While Hotinds, the ſwifteſt of the *Brittiſh* Race,
 As if their heels were wing'd, purſue his Chace;
 To whoſe glad cries, the Huntſmen wind recheats,
 Which Eccho's wounded ear, as ſhrill repeats.
 Next theſe, the Horſe of *Brittains* Northern kind
 Fleeter than Jennets, iſſues of the wind;
 Their dext'rous Riders ſpeed to chace this Deer,
 As when for Palms they ſwift contenders are,
 And now this Glory of the Herd perceives
 His breath impairs, in which lifes eſſence lives;

Wond'ring

Wond'ring, that Nature should for life prepare
Breath, and yet want it while the world has air;
Or that so weak a substance should betray
The Bodies frame, to deaths inglorious sway;
To Woods (the Shades of Nature) then does fly,
The soft Apartments of his Monarchy;
Where he had often cool'd more mighty flames,
Among the nimble Hindes, his am'rous Dames.
And thence did these a stately Progress lead,
To sport in Streams, or fertile Vales to feed.
Now finds his shady Palaces beset,
And Men, and Dogs for his destruction met.
Whose tracts, though intricate as Lab'rins are,
But easie problems to the Hounds appear.
While he laments his fate, that Nature gave,
To make his life thus to their treasons slave.
Then leavs these Groves, & Woods, with weary heels,
And ev'ry limb a frail supporter feels;

While thus emboss'd, he takes his long-lov'd *Thames*,
That oft refresht Harts wearied limbs, and flames,
And first with sighs he bids these streams adieu,
Then takes his thirsty farewell draught here too :
Which done, ' he faster swims, than Vessels glide,
Or into *Neptune's* bosom flows the Tide.
And here the Queen, that with her nimble Steed,
Did Horse, and Hounds, and ev'n the wind out-speed ;
First to this Streame pursu'd this mighty Deere,
Next whom, the Princes and their train appear,
Filling the Shoar, t' observe this famous Chace ;
While *Thames* rejoyc'd, to see their pastimes grace
His pleasing billows, Curles his gentle brow,
Bidding his stream no further now to flow,
'Until his Waves their homage here did pay
To their great Persons, gladly they obey ;
Each Billow bowing with its Chrystal head,
Which done, their gentle Current joyful speed,

And

And with their pleasing murmurs, as they glide,
Encrease the constant Musick of their Tide,
While *Thames* now wish'd he might his Banks o'rflo,
And with them on his waves this Chace pursue.
Now this cool Flood, and Glory of all Streams;
Begot by *Iffs* smooth embrace with *Thames*;
This mighty Deer with some refreshment leaves,
As if his flames were Julip'd from these waves.
But when he finds no Element, or Art,
Can Men, and Hounds escape, he chides his Heart;
That with his winged heels, conspir'd to fly,
And thinks now of some glorious way to dye.
Not far from hence, he views a Camp of Fame;
Great *Julius* rais'd, to war upon this Stream;
Where first that Conqu'ror, had him tamely bred,
And from his glorious hand, and Table fed.
Thither, with a Majestick grace he flies,
While like small riv'lets, tears flow from his eyes;

To miss his mighty Master, who did give
Him a bold Power, in spight of Foes to live.
And now at this Camps Avennue does stand,
Where he had oft been stroak'd, and lick'd his hand;
That did with glorious Chaplets wreath his Brow,
Circling his Neck with Jewell'd Collars too.
VVhere thus distress'd, and weary'd by long flight,
Must all his Foes without protection fight;
Though here resolves, like *Cæsars* Stag to dye,
And with bold rage on Men, and Dogs does flye.
Some with his Spear-like head he gores, till life
Impair'd by wounds, did breathless end his strife;
VVhich into air, a mingled flight does take,
No more discern'd, than Tracts soft winds do make.
Thus fell this mighty Deer, the Herds renown,
While his pursuers now a pity own;
Wishing they could his vanquish'd life restore,
That Dy'd more brave, than e'r did Hart before.

Whose

Whose bulk, and beam, as they with wonder view,
A golden Ring upon his Neck, does shew,
Him to have liv'd compleat five hundred year,
(If Fame have credit) since call'd *Cesar's Deer*.
The Queen, and Princes to renown this Chace,
Resolve his Figure, stately carv'd, to place
In their bright Courts, that both his life, and fate,
Might with their Glories, bear perpetual date.
While as the Huntsmens Horns now wind his death,
And Fame, that wing'd this chace, a while took
Fate does allarum her to take swift flight, (breath ;
And blaze on crimson wings, a bloody fight.
For as *Romes* Chief, and *Gauls*, this Hunting knew,
Design'd for the Queens sport, and Princes too ;
Resolve their plighted Faith, and Truce to break,
And with bold Arms, them here surpriz'd to take.
Thus with fierce hast their num'rous Troops they lead,
Which hot allarums to the Princes speed ;

Who

Who swiftly range their Guards of Spears, and Bows,
And with the Trusti'st, the fair Queen enclose.
Invoking Heav'ns just Pow'r, to aid their might,
As the Truce-breaking *Gauls*, and *Romans* fight;
That *Ennius*, with *Alvatrix*, thence may see
Some dismal Fate, on their joynt-treachery.
But, oh the guilt of Pow'r, imploy'd unjust,
To serve the ends of Empire, or of lust;
Which highest Mortals impiously pursue,
Yet all Crimes, (but their own) dare punish too.

The End of the Second Canto.

The Third Canto.

Romes Consul thus, and *Gauls* fierce Prince array'd,
To act the Faithless Truce their Legate made;
Where Ambuscado's subt'ly they had drawn,
T'infest the Woods, and the adjoining Lawn.
Where now the Princes, their bold Forces drew,
In heart all daring, though in numbers few;
Who disadvantage'd more, must now oppose,
The force and treach'ry of their numerous Foes:
And thus does *Ennius* to *Alvatrix* speak,
The time is come, that *Rome* and *Gaul* shall take
A full revenge on *Brittains* Pow'r, and Pride,
That durst our Conquests with their Arms deride,

What though th'advantage breach of Truce obtains ?
While ev'ry Monarch, ev'n as guilty Raigns ;
Making their Leagues, wise respits, unto warr,
Till they in Pow'r, and Armes recruited are ?
Nor will the World a prosperous Guilt condemne,
When Virtue does its bright Companion seem ;
Who on success, like Sun-shine, cast their eyes,
Forgetting the Black Cloud did with it-rise :
Nor is it more a Sin in War than State,
Disadvantageous Faith to violate ;
Which Princes never meant should give them Law,
When onely feeble Faith their Power does awe.
See how our Leg'ons, compass in this Pow'r
Of *Brittish* Nobles, and their Youth's choice Flow'r ;
That dare not hope to stand by Arms, this Field,
But to our wishes, must *Bonduca* yield ;
Yet e'r her Eyes lament, or Heart deplores
The groans of dying Foes from our stern Pow'rs,

Unto

Unto the streightn'd Princes, Truce let's give,
If they without her love will yield to live.
Thus from the Consul is a Herald sent,
To speak their high demands, and fierce intent;
While yet *Aluatrix* does not think to prove
The Consul Rival, in *Bonduca's* love.
Or that he led his *Roman* Eagles now
To conquer *Brittains*, and remain his Foe;
But Loves ambition oft receives a Fate,
As well as those of Empire, or of State.
This Herald to the Queen, and Princes come,
Speaks his bold Message, from the Chief of *Rome*;
Which now the Queen with deep affliction hears,
Though less her life, then love, creates her tears,
And first does let the Princes boldly know,
That his great Master by *Romes* Gods does vow,
He'll not the fortune of this day survive,
Should it *Rome* solely *Brittish* Empire give.

Who

Who more than thirst of Rule, makes Love his Cause,
Whose great Prerogative admits no Laws ;
Though he, the first of *Romans* yields to be,
That e'r broke Truce with noble Enemy.
For which of Heav'n, and *Rome* does pardon crave,
And on these terms, if they yet Peace will have ;
They, and this Isle, unconquer'd shall remain,
And for his triumph, but the Queen will gain.
Nor by this Summons does he more demand ;
Than what his pow'rful Legions can command ;
When in this streight, his Force and conduct, must
Send the Great Princes with their Pow'rs to dust :
Yet for the Queens fair sake vouchsafes to treat,
Before their Arms his dreadful onsets meet ;
And Wars stern horrors her soft Soul affright,
Or she (his Love would save,) should fall in fight.
But who can judge the high concern and flame,
Incens'd these Hero's, when from *Ennius* came

This

This bold demand? (so late their conquer'd Foe,
And no less treach'rously a Lover now;
Then is *Alvatrix*) while the Queens bright beams,
Had kindled in their hearts Loves mighty flames.
Then to this Herauld *Arthur's* Son does speak;
Let not *Romes* Consul ever hope to make
Us *Brittish* Princes so desertless live,
That he *Bonduca* Laws of Love shall give.
Or that they can a brave success despair,
Who with Truce-breaking *Gauls*, and *Romans* war;
Nor would they lose the glory of this Fight,
To die, or conquer, in the Queens fair fight.
Whose heart unshaken, their fierce Pow'rs withstood,
When *London* felt their flames, & stream'd with blood;
Yet slighted then *Alvatrix* rage, and love,
And can she less 'gainst faithless *Ennius* prove?
More had this Prince express'd, but *Vortiger*,
Whose Martial courage, Fate her self did fear;

This

This Herauld bids withdraw in high disdain,
While Love, and Empire thus at stake remain.
And next, the Princes willing to deceive
The Queens sad fears, in this short respite, give
Her heart brave comforts, while her weeping eyes
Pay for their safeties, Heav'n a sacrifice.
Then, of these Forrest shades, selects the view
Of VVillows, and Loves mournful Embleme, Yew;
Neglecting Elmes, embrac'd with am'rous Vines,
Which Nature for pleas'd Lovers objects twines.
And ev'n the Princes, but kind Foes now calls,
Who thus surpriz'd, withstand *Romes* Force, and *Gauls*;
While with their safety she could these defie,
And their unconquer'd Virgin Lover die.
No less concern'd, in this surprising hour,
The Princes had dispos'd their Martial Power,
VVith such wise conduct, that the wing of Fate
Did more her self, than them, precipitate.

And

And here the weapon'd Woodmen duely place,
Eager to make on Foes their nobler chace ;
More joy'd to hear the trumpets Martial sounds,
Than all the Musick of their Horns, and Hounds.
Then *Roman* Cornets *Brittish* Trumpets vye,
Whose vig'rous clamours seem to wound the skye ;
VVhile Martial Odes, the trusty Bowmen sing,
Compos'd by *Brute*, their antient warlike King.
But e'r these Powers their fierce Incounters make,
Thus *Ennius* does unto *Alvatrix* speak ;
Great Prince of *Gaul*, if we this day o'come,
Twill *Brittish* Empire, yet restore to *Rome* :
And grace her Triumphs with *Borduca* too,
VVhose love my heart conceal'd from thee till now ;
While I (*Romes* Consul) blush to own a flame,
That does with thine a Rivals wishes claim.
But as thou art *Romes* mighty Ally, know,
I'll to thy Love, as glorious means allow ;

This

This Battail won, thy Sword and mine shall try,
Which for *Bonduca's* sake must yield to dye.
To whom *Alvatrix*, had I Empire claim'd
Of this Great Isle, so long *Romes* Arms has fam'd;
Or did thy Rods, and Axes envy'd see,
Born, as thy Cons'lar State, and Dignity.
I could not with such Fate surpriz'd have been,
As now to hear, thou lov'st the *Brittish* Queen;
For whose enjoyment I such dangers fought,
Unvallew'd, whil'st in her o'rpriz'd, I sought :
Nor shall the honour of my blood, decline
This glor'ous offer, 'twixt thy Sword and mine;
If heav'n decrees we this dayes fate survive,
To enter Lists, shall Loves sole conquest give.
Till when, I'll like a Prince ally'd to *Rome*,
Assist her Eagles, *Brittains* to o'come ;
Though, as thy Rival, will attempt to be,
The Queens Possessor first from victory.

Before

Before these Pow'rs their dreadful fury joyn,
The *Roman* Augurs, (who success divine;
From various Birds, the airs vast Regions fly,)
Or victims, with auspicious omens dye.
Declare, how they with horror did behold
An offer'd Heifers blood, turn'd black, and cold;
Her bleeding Entrails, panting in their view;
And how in ominous Flocks the Ravens flew.
Besides, they had Portentous Records took
From Great *Cumean* Sybil's wondrous Book;
Who in Prophetick fury did declare,
Romans should fatally with *Brittains* wart:
When they their Legions in that place array,
In which Great *Cesar's* Hart late stood at Bay;
And by a *Brittish* Queen pursu'd should fall.
Hence they the Consul warn, and Prince of *Gaul*.
But Love, whose Power even Fate her self defies,
Bids the bold Consul slight these destinies;

Calling

Calling their Rites, some Cowards pious care,
That *Rome* first taught from Birds, and Beasts, to fear.
Then gives the Battel signal, whence darts fly
Thick, as when stormes descending cloud the sky;
While *Brittish* Arrows these out-wing in flight,
And level ranks of Legions, as they light. (dead,
Whose Pow'rs more numerous, spare these heaps,
And with enlarged wings make dreadful speed;
Circling the *Brittish* Force, and Princes round,
Their warlike ranks, and valour to confound.
But with a fury more enforc'd, oppose
The Mart'al Pow'rs the beaut'ous Queen inclose;
While as she sees a *Brittain* fall, or bleed,
Wishes the Dart had pierc'd her in his stead.
And here Great *Ennius* with his *Romans* breaks
Through num'rous Ranks, till he a prospect takes
Of her bright visage, while her Eyes dart beams,
That to his love, and valor, adds more flames.

No less *Alvatrix* danger does despice,
Leading his *Gauls* to *Mars* a sacrifice;
Invoking him, this dayes success to crown,
That from his Arms his love may have renown.
And here through fierce *Daranders* Troops they break,
As Lanes through Woods the raging winds do make;
Next force *Favonius* Bodies to retreat,
Whose Conduct did their dreadful Powers defeat,
When *Londons* Glories, with its Beauteous Queen,
Might else a Triumph for this Foe have been.
And for her Royal Guard, this day commands
The trusty'st of the Britains warlike Bands;
Now full of wounds, and forc'd to quit his Horse,
Fights thus distress'd, her Foes prevailing Force.
What Soul inspir'd with numbers can rehearse
This Battels terrors, but must weep his verse?
Though Fame, lest too-much blood her Records stain,
Kindly forgets the sum of Hero's slain.

No less distress'd the Princes had assay'd
All dangers, till their matchless Arms prevail'd;
Which now holds Fate at such a glorious bay,
As her black Scepters Pow'r she fears this day.
Thus these great Cheifs, with Forces swiftly speed,
To aid the Queen in such a dang'rous need;
While for her sake they mingle griefs, and tears,
As oyl to valours flames, from Loves soft fears.
And here Fame layes the most Heroick Scene,
That e'r twixt mighty Chiefs, before had been;
Where these great Foes in Love, and Empire, try
Singleby Arms, to ravish victory.
Thus *Albianus* does encounter here
With *Ennius*, (Glory of *Romes* Arms, and War)
While warlike *Fortiger* assaileth now
Alvatrix, who as bravely fought him too.
Then does the worlds choice blood, that warms their
Profusely die the Earth with crimson stains; (veins
Which

Which, (as their Valours Epitaph) some say,
Leaves on this soil, a sanguine Dye this day:
Sprightly the Charges were *Albianus* gave,
This *Roman* Cheif, and his returns so brave,
That all the Prowess summ'd of Antient Name,
Scarce does in Story second mention claim.
In wounds they equal fought, as Fate would guide
Their Courage now, 'twixt them not to decide;
Or had delight such Hero's still to see
In Love, and Empire, thus at Enmity.
While to supply the wonder of their Arms,
Their Steeds now sympathize their Valours charms;
That with their furious mouths, each grasping tear,
And to the ground their mighty Riders bear.
Whence *Albianus* briskly takes his feet,
And both these warlike Foes on foot now meet;
Guiding their Spears, a dext'rous bloody strife,
Till this Great Hero's takes the Consuls life.

Who death did so far respite, to express ;
Since here my fall is by thy Arms success,
Heroick *Brittain*, let *Bonduca* know,
Thy valour's fit to win her virtue too.
But *Vortiger*, whose courage had taught Fate,
Like a bold Handmaid, on his Armes to wait ;
Præcipitates her black decrees this day,
As he does singly fierce *Alvatrix* slay.
While to the wonder of all future deeds,
Forcing his Spear, his Foe to death so speeds ;
That piercing through strong ribs of Steel, his breast,
Its fury seem'd unwillingly, to rest.
Whose soul enrag'd by death, a flight did take,
Like some fierce wind, a dying blast does make.
Leaving the air disturbanceless, felt before
The dreadful Rage, of Its Tempestuous power.
Thus fell these mighty Chiefs midst heaps of slain,
While all the state their breathless mem'ries gain

Serves

Serves but as Pendants to the pride of Fame,
That wears life's Jewels, to adorne her Name.
Now as their deaths were to their Armies known,
Which soon Fames Trump had in Elogiums blown;
Each Militant in vigour does impair,
And sanguine *Roman* cheeks, grow pale with fear.
While *Martianus*, who in *Kent* besieg'd
Romes Power, and *Gauls*, until by Truce releiv'd ;
Had there from faithful Spies allarums took,
How these by Arms Wars sacred Laws had broke,
And he with eager toyls, so speeds his way,
That he the Princes brave extremes, this day
Arrives to ayd, and next their valours fame,
Give to his own a matchless Victors Name.
Some veterane Legions, that disdain'd to fly
In warlike order, by death marshall'd lye ;
When greater numbers cast their Arms away,
And for their lives loud supplications pay.

Charging the sin, and faithless breach of Truce,
Upon their Chiefs, whose high commands excuse
Their fierce attempts, who but Wars Laws obey,
In fighting Foes, when such do lead their way.
But if they can a mercy now implore,
Call heav'n to witness, that they'll never more
Molest the *Britains*, but returning home,
Will live in just Precincts of *Gaul*, and *Rome*.
While the fair Queen, that had with tears beheld
The bloody issue of this dreadful field;
Passes *Romes* conquer'd Hoast, on her bold Steed,
And thus expresses, (having stay'd his speed)
Most warlike *Britains*, since your Arms have won,
This Battel that our stories must renown,
Which, as your mighty Princes here did lead,
Their valours so admir'd with yours succeed;
That by their single Arms, you saw this day,
How *Ennius*, and *Alvatrix* breathless lay;

A losse so great, proud *Rome* can ne'r repair,
Or *Gaul* find Prince, dares hence with *Britains* warre.
But to their suppliant Legions let us yield;
Mercy may yet more dignifie this field;
While the less guilty you from death reprieve,
And such Foes most subdue, you grant shall live.
This Speech the *Britains* bloody rage restrains,
And from the Princes such compliance gains;
That they to *Gaul*, and *Romes* remaining Hoast,
Admit a Convoy to the *Kentish* Coast.
Whence they'r embark'd, bound for the *Gallick* shore.
Vowing by war t'invade this Isle no more;
While to this grace, the Princes leave dispeace,
Their Chiefs dead Corps, with them to bear from
That *Ennius*, and *Alvatrix* may receive, (hence:
Such Fun'ral Rites, as *Gauls* and *Romans* give;
Which being done, to *London* guide their way,
Soone full of Joyes, for this victorious day.

The end of the third Canto.

The

The Fourth Canto.

Power, the lov'd Child of Greatness, born from toils
Of virtue, or fond Fortunes prosp'rous smiles;
Yet men in each vicissitude may find,
No long entails of Rule in humane kind.
Thus Infant Empire first has rising state,
Then glor'ous Mediums, next a final fate;
Whence fierce Ambition storms the world to have,
But space on Earth, to make their wider Grave.
And *Rome*, that did by Arms so proudly claim
The World to bear from her a vanquish'd Name;
No more possesses of that mighty head,
Than Trophies from her Epitaphs are read.
While Noble *Britains* first shook off her yolk,
Before the warring World their Fetters broke;

Which

Which from this glor'ous President was taught,
To conquer *Roman* Armes, its thraldome brought.
Whose bold Remains to *Gaul* now waisted o'r.
Thence with repinings view the *British* Shoar;
Where they perceive their mighty Camps to shroud
Their heads, like mountains, half hid in a cloud.
And next behold the fertile Woods, and Plains,
Their Colonies, and Cities proud Remains;
With Aquæ-ducts, made wondrous for delight,
And Baths could ease, and heal wounds got in Fight.
Recounting their past Ages bloody toyl,
Since mighty *Julius* did invade this Isle;
Whence now instead of Triumph, they return;
Their Consuls fatal loss, with tears to mourn.
No less the *Gauls* *Alvatrix* death bewail'd
Pitty'ng his love, and valour so prevail'd,
That he by Arms on *British* ground shall fall,
And more incense their antient hate of *Gaul*.

But

But e'r these Corps, (dead in the Bed of Fame,)
Have Fun'ral Rites; *Apollo's* sacred Name
They first invoke, and to his Priestesses come,
Rever'd by *Gauls*, and no less fear'd by *Rome*,
Who in a Grove, that shades this spacious Shore,
No Axe'r hewd, this God did long implore;
Attending on his Fane of Laurel here,
With Bowry Altars, green throughout the year.
Hither, this Priestesses Delphick charms had brought,
Where she Prodig'ous Divinations taught;
And as some tell, here residence did keep,
Within a Cave, her eyes un-clos'd by sleep.
On whom, now *Gauls*, and *Romans* mournful wait,
For sacred Comforts, or their future fate;
Carry'ng their Chiefs upon their Purple Beers,
Where Altars reek'd with blood of un-yok'd Steers.
While from her Caves-mouth, dores unbolted flew,
Where they through wond'rous Grates this Priestess
Her

Her hair dishevel'd, and her visage fierce,
As when the Fates sad Errands did rehearse:
Who thus begins: In vain these Rites you use,
Nor does *Apollo* in my soul infuse
An inspiration, *Rome* can gladly hear,
Or *Gaul* with *Brittains* fatally shall warre;
For as *Romes* Empire, *Gaul* has vanquish'd held,
So here some Ages hence, shall be beheld,
A *Brittish* King to wear a *Gallick* Crown,
Passing through glorious Conquests to that Throne.
In whose great Name, five Royal *Henries* meet,
By valour shall this matchless work compleat;
No more inquire, since Pow'rs above ordain,
No victims here shall ever more be slain.
While their high Rites, *Apollo* to renown,
Commands this Grove for Piles you streight cut down:
Then all those various forms, that *Proteus* knew,
Here represents with shapes more wond'rous too;

As

As soon a Lyon turns, or salvage Bear,
Or furious Tyger seems, her young does fear ;
Then on a wave, a Crocodile does weep,
Which done, a Mermaid sings, that charms the deep ;
With num'rous Monsters shown, that sport the Flood,
Some ne'r by Mortal seen, or understood :
Next turns a flame, that lightning represents ;
A Comet then speaks Heav'ns more fierce intents :
With subterranean flames, like those men tell,
Shall be th' eternal Element of Hell.
And here to show her mighty Pow'rs command,
She takes a Throne, on which attending stand
Spirits of Earth and Air, her charms obey,
That with a thought out-fly the Suns swift way.
Her Cave then rends, and out unseen, she flies,
On backs of winds, charm'd with rough gales to rise ;
While she through highest Regions wings the Air,
And thus 'tis said, to *Delphos* did repair.

Which

Which fatal wonder having deeply weigh'd;
Conclude, this Priestess words must be obey'd;
And thus this Grove hew down with restless toyles,
Fitting the choicest for vast Fun'ral Pyles.
Here Elms long marry'd to the lusty Vine,
Fall to the Earth, and last embraces twine;
With Ash, and Firr, that doe so quickly flame,
And Pines, bold Navigators chiefly fame.
As thick fall Willows, mournful Lovers shew,
The Fun'ral Cypress, and the dismal Yew;
With Palms th' Olimpicks prize, and spreading Oak,
And Cedars (Monarch-like,) the rest o'r-look.
Then wreaths of Cypress on their heads they wear,
Lictors supporting the dead Consuls Bier;
On which the Heralds Art had nobly blaz'd
His high Descent, e'r Antient *Rome* was rais'd;
With Rods and Axes born, display the state
Of *Romes* Republick, first made Consulate:

No

No less by wond'rous art, and cost does shine
His Imag'd Predecessors warlike Line.
Having by these Mater'als vastly made
A Pile, on which his Corps in Purple's lay'd;
By sacred Flammins gumm'd, and 'nointed o'r,
Cover'd with Robes, in *Romes* past Triumphs wore.
Who in their Priestly Vestures myter'd stand,
To flame this Pile, each with a hollow'd Brand;
And having in loud Hymns his valour prais'd,
This glorious Fuel's from their hands, first blaz'd:
Where flames ascend, as if they would aspire
Above the place of Elemental fire,
Unquench'd dissolving clouds, streams downwards pour
And thus this Pile's beheld from *Brittains* Shoar.
Which be'ng consum'd, an Eagle with feel'd eyes,
These Priests let wing, and feign to heav'n he flies;
Their pious Embleme, that his soul was there
On nimbler wings, than this swift Bird did bear.

Thus

Thus Man, indulgent to a holy cheat,
Makes Reason on Faiths trifling grandeur wait,
Forgetting Nature in deaths homely Tire,
In hope her Act does breath, not life expire.
His glor'ous Corps now with this Pile consum'd;
In Urns (Deaths narrow Cloffets) 'tis intomb'd;
Saving Death labour, that has here assign'd
Contracted Mansions for all humane kind,
But *Gauls*, who diff'rent Celebration taught
(In sacred Rites, and Obsequies) now brought
Their Great *Alvatrix* on a stately Hearse,
Singing in mournful strains his Fun'ral verse,
The Muses (from their Priests besought) inspir'd,
In mystick Grecian words, (*Gauls* then admir'd :)
Blessing the Fuel, must to ashes bring
This Princely Corps; they place it in a Ring,
Circl'd with Vines, whose Juice their Country fames,
And Orange-trees, sweet Odors give these flames.

On

On which (to appease the immortal Pow'rs,)
They sprinkle morning tears, distill'd from flowers.
And now from Custom, (a curst Stepdame made,
When by her rigid duties, heav'ns are pay'd;)
A grievous zeal, the mournful *Gauls* incites,
To mingle horrors with these Fun'ral Rites:
Who here without remorse, do fill vast Biers
With living Bodies, must dye by these fires,
As Friends, and Servants, held in life most dear,
Lest he in th'other world should need their care.
And here soft Beauties, his past flames did mourn,
In am'rous glory, with his ashes burn;
Supposing Souls in th'other world scarce find
Delightful rest, Loves objects left behind.
While from this flaming tomb their shrieks, and cries,
Through air, and clouds pierce to the Starry skies;
That in their orbs lament, man should create
A means to death, by them not made his fate.

But

But oh ! vain man, when Superstitions fool !
Whose bold deceits impose on heav'n a rule ;
And by Faiths Homicides, her Martyrs stakes,
Whose dust for thriving Altars best seed makes.
And now the *Gauls*, and *Romans* vastly raise (blaze ;
High Tow'rs of earth, where their Chief's Piles did
Like mountain-Monuments, times hand defie,
Should it attempt to rase their Memory.
Which done, in scatter'd Troops this vanquish'd host,
(As some great Flock had Guides, and Pastors lost,)
Disorder'd, wander to their native homes,
Bearing sad Reliques of *Gauls* loss, and *Romes*.
Thus *Brittain's* freed from these her mighty Foes,
That with five Ages Blood she did oppose ;
Till Fortune, who deny'd her Arms success,
Blush'd longer to resist her happiness.
And now my Muse, to *London* gladly wings,
Her Scene of Joyes, while Conquest thither brings,

The Princes trophy'd from this vanquish'd Foe,
But more renown'd, since by their valours too (charms
The Beauteous Queen's preserv'd, from whose bright
Love claim'd to act some wonders by their Arms.
Where by a glorious respite, they receive
Cure to their wounds, this bloody War did give;
Which she to expedite, omits no care,
Giving for balm, to each, a Lovers Tear.
While her great Court, (this tripple Greatness joyns,)
In such magnifick Pomp, and Order shines;
As there my Muse a glad Attendance payes,
And Theams of Glory to her Verse conveys.
Though here she seems, like unexperienc'd eyes,
That come to view fam'd Curiosities;
But know not which excel above the rest,
And so think all, and every one the best.
Thus who this Courts high virtues would define,
Must judge all equal in their Glories shine;

Though,

Though, as great Lamps, for Lights best order plac'd,
Each has its lustre, by another grac'd.
Hence Subjects oft on Princes fix their eyes,
Less for obedience, than discoveries ;
As bold observers on Heav'ns Frame do pry,
More to note spots, than splendors of the Sky.
Who, though but humane, must not frailties own,
Lest Vice should claim a Patron in the Throne ;
How hard is't then for Mortals here to reign
And Subjects neither Vice, or Power complain ?
But, if my Muse to Fame can credit give,
The *Brittish* Courts, and Princes, then did live
Renown'd in Graces best of Monarchs speak,
That Subjects from their Rule might pattern take.
While temp'rat thoughts their minds high vigors sway,
As Passions find in them their just allay ;
Liberal, as Royal dignifi'd should be,
Yet spare their People by frugality.

To whom they Justice in pure streams preserve,
That no corruptions ministerials swerve ;
Oft Champions to the rich oppressors might,
While Law protects all here by equal right,
This to the People must respective be,
Who dearly love a just Propriety,
And envy Greatness chiefly for its sake,
Lest thence oppression priviledge should take :
Though nobly born, are next their Persons plac'd,
(Like Gems, that in their Crowns are worn, and grac'd;) T
By whom they favours to the rest dispence, A
As Stars convey Heav'ns glor'ous influence. Lo
Such, envious vulgars, (scarce repining) sway, W
Since 'tis but antient Honour they obey ; Th
While new-rai'd Blood they seldom will allow, An
A Rev'rence mixt with a propitious Brow. Pur
Next these, the Gen'rous due reception have, Th
Before their merit's forc'd reward to crave; Wh

Who

Who to this grace, by well-known virtues rise,
Which make their Courts, the Patterns of the wise.
To Letter'd men exup'rant grace they give,
Since from their works the Fame of Kings must live;
Nor did each worthy Science then deplore,
It rais'd great Artists, and maintain'd them poor.
No Parasites tongue durst poyson virtue here,
Whose antidote did in their beams appear,
Which sov'raign spells these Serpents drive away,
Though for their charms Kings oft, too dearly pay.
And now, while all these Magnitudes thus meet,
Love does design his Empire to compleat;
Who such Heroick hearts selects to be,
The mighty Regions of his Monarchy.
And in the Queens soft breast had kindled fire,
Purer, than e'r *Prometheus* did inspire;
Though said to rife Heav'n's Celestial Flame,
Whence life, and love, to humane Bodies came.

Yet

Yet as this Master-piece, Love does compleat,
The Princes in her flames must Rivals meet ;
Who like their great Originals, design'd,
Copies, as bright, in her illustrious mind.
While they from her divided Graces, know
Her Souls high value, in their virtues too ;
As if Love glor'ous Anarchy must use,
E'r these Monarchs, she'l one Sov'raign chuse.
And these great Souls, that no ambitious warr,
Could e'r make Foes, though they did Empire share
Of this Rich Isle, such mighty Nations fought,
Whose Arms they had as dear Associates fought.
Yet Loves Dominion must possess alone,
To which Heav'n gives (most absolute) a Crown ;
And though in hearts, his Courts seem narrow spac'd,
Oft has his Thrones by Kings on Foot-stools grac'd.

The End of the Fourth Canto.

The Fifth Canto.

MYsterious Love, the Souls sublimest Theame,
Whose first great Ethicks, gave this divine name;
When, in the Morning-being of Mankind,
Some gentle Blushes, had his Thoughts refin'd.
And, the more Bashful Female, had deny'd
The Claimes of Nature, till more solely ty'd;
Wond'ring, that to Perpetuate Mans Name,
She did forget to vaile Promiscuous shame.
Till when, frail Mankind common Courtships knew,
And Females not less bold, than Males might woo;
From Natures too large Charter, that imply'd,
She gave a Sex, in stead of one Faire Bride. (Range,
While Love, that Blush'd, in Lusts wide walkes to
Appropriates Nature, thus indulg'd to Change;

Teaching

Teaching, that Souls must in a Paire of Hearts
Receive, and Interchange his mighty Darts.
Hence Marriage Rites, and Joyes were first assign'd,
And Man, and Woman, to one Bed confin'd;
Though Love ('tis doubted) took a hard task here,
To limit Passion, Natures wanton Heir.
While, but the Heards of Sence, not charm'd by Eyes,
Or Breaths of Kisses, Humane Hearts surprize,
Free, as the Ayre, that sports in Fields, and Groves,
Beget their Issues, and injoy their Loves.
Nor do they beauties soft Allurements know,
Or chuse a Female, for her tender Hew;
Though deck'd with Furs of Ermins, Princes Grace,
Nor for the Rose, and Lillies of the Face.
But with a Naked Sence delight their kind,
Not jealous, when some other Male does find
The same Injoyments, for which Mankind prove
Unhappy Flames, and raging Acts of Love.

While

While Poets, to exalt this mighty Theam ;
Ador'd Love first, in their soft Godheads Name ;
Telling the world of wondrous charms, and fires,
This Diety in Lovers Breasts inspires.
How he creates a sympathy in hearts,
Converting am'rous beams into his darts ;
And as his Engins Lovers eyes convey,
The Babes of Love seem new begot to play.
From such like wonders, Poets first did raise
Temples, and Altars to this Godheads praise ;
And like some Superstitions, boldly tell,
How many Martyrs, of this fond Sect fell.
Yet, as Belief in Superstitions Dress,
Seems more Heav'ns Mistress in that frail Excess,
Than Faith, which too much like good Housewife, goes,
And without Pomp, the truth too simply shews.
Thus Poets, (Priests of Nature) did devise
A God, and Muses, for her Pageantries ;

Judging

Judging her Robes were but too rudely worn,
Untill her Train was by these Handmaides born.
Whence they her sacred mysteries convey,
Abstracting souls from sense's dull allay ;
Making the brightest glories of the mind,
From Gems, (the Muses wear) Reflection find.
But Love, the Queen of Passions, chiefly fame,
Whose fires did first *Parnassus* Beacons flame,
To warn the world, this Monarck conquers more,
Than all the Power of Arms in Battle wore.
And in this *Brittish* Court, a Scene now lay'd,
That had the Muses nine times nine been made,
Poets must fruitlessly have spent their fire,
To blaze the Charms these Royal hearts inspire.
While Great *Bonduca*'s breast does entertain
Two glorious Monarchs, undistinguish'd reign ;
And, as she strives to place an Empire there,
Albianus value, *Vortigers* must share.

And

And though their beauteous forms all hearts surprise,
She gives her Soul Allegiance in her eyes ;
That with such virtuous homage on these look,
As Love hence Themes, his best Platonick Book.
Yet fears she does commit a crime, to be
Divided thus, in his sov'raignity ;
Wishing her heart could separate this fire,
And there inthrone of these, one love intire.
Sometimes she leaves the Glories of her Court,
And does with them to flowry shades resort ;
Hoping some Rose in Pity there might steal
The am'rous blushes, her soft Cheeks reveal.
Then gently speaks of their past warrs, and praise,
The Fuell, that her hearts high flames does raise ;
And thence makes Loves Heroick Theame her choice,
But soon with bashfull accents, stayes their voice.
And now more powerfully her words supplies,
By beaming softer Language from her eyes ;

and

While

While each, as Love does this Expression use,
Have equal hopes, and fears, which Prince she'll chuse,
Who now could wish, some other Princess were
Her Rival made in virtue, and more fair;
By Heaven to one of these devoted too,
That she may seem to neithers love untrue.
And thus perceiving these Heroick hearts,
Felt with her own, Loves equal wounding darts;
Fears that his flames, though gently fann'd, may raise
Excess of passions, rage, and fury blaze.
Then chides her heart, that did admit Loves spies,
To keep discover'd watches in her eyes;
While she might inward burn, and yet conceal
The flames, her love too rashly does reveal.
Who knows alas, she must not both enjoy,
Yet cannot either by neglect destroy;
But hopeless fears, a Lover to remain,
Of both these Princes, and yet neither gain.

And

And now delay, (ev'n wisdoms cold despair)
Does beg of Heav'n, to ease this mighty care ;
Which, though Times flow, and silent feet it use,
Meets Lovers hearts, oft, with decrees they'd chuse.
And as she had Loves high concern declin'd,
With thoughts of Empire, seems to fill her mind ;
Hnd how of Monarchs they most happy reign,
While all their Crowns, one friendly Power maintain.
Next stately Pastimes in her Court prepares,
Thus to delude their anxious hopes, and fears ;
With those most fam'd diversions, *Brittains* boast,
Were then their Courts magnificence, and cost.
But these great Heroes, who from Love did bear
Too jealous eyes, as deeply pierce her care ;
Grieving with theirs, her virtues did conspire,
To wound her Breast, with a divided fire :
Disdaining, thus in one despair to live,
Since death to both, or either, cure might give ;

And

And, what becomes their Souls, and Greatness too,
Relief upon the Queens Extremes bestow :
And now some Nights had sad companions spent,
Weighing fit means, to perfect this intent ;
That to the Queen may accidental seem,
Or, as Fate did this Act in kindness deem,
Yet hope, that Heav'n from death will one reprieve,
Lest dying both, the Queen should cease to live ;
And Love a glorious Triumph loose in her,
That can't else one, unto her heart prefer.
While they, as if no stormy passions brought
Their souls to shipwrack on these rocks of thought,
Like bravest Pilots, unconcern'd appear,
And in their looks, the calms of Summer wear.
Thus, as they meet in presence of the Queen,
In strict Endearments, and Embrace, are seen ;
And as Love slept in Cradles of her eyes,
Mention no accent, his soft rest surprise.

While

While she did both their passions weight endure,
To Heav'n, and Time remits her hearts high cure;
Though love, when Love, as sparing diet needs,
Scarce cools the Fever, but his flame more feeds.
And thus with gracious Eloquence does speak,
Renowned of Princes, since my Court you make
A Scene, where you wore happy victors Bayes
Must flourish, should Time feel the age of dayes,
Who now to give his Calends glory, calls,
For warlike *Arthurs* high Memorials;
Who fell the last of *Brittains* Royal Line,
And with our Foes did fifty Battels joyn.
For which Fames Trump does an Attendant wait;
This said, In great magnificence, and state,
To Fortitudes admired Fane repair,
His dust intomb'd with Princes great in warr.
And where for wonder their vast Spears were plac'd,
Bold *Picts* pursu'd, or hardy *Romans* chac'd;

With

With Bowes no other might like theirs e'r drew,
And Armour, that Men now would Dwarfish show.
While *Choristers* in stately measures sing,
The Martial Glory, of each mighty King;
With *Arthur's* Deeds, scarce Stories this day blaze
That by Times Guilt; lose wonders of his Praise.
Which done, to Honor Fortitudes high Name
With these brave Relicks, Heroes past did Fame;
In solemn state Devote unto this Fane
Their Mighty Spears (had fierce *Alvatrix* slain
And warlike *Ennius*) which in Shrines they place,
That from the Queens Gift, Precious Gems did Grace,
And next to spacious Fields, a Progress lead,
Vere kept devoted to these Glories dead;
In which, they use of Armes, and Pastimes held,
Brittains (so far all Nations else) excell'd.
Where they behold, how some for Garland's run,
Swift, as Time made them Footmen, to the Sun;

With

With nimble Wrestlers, that most useful show,
How strengths rough force, to skil should conduct owe.
And here the Bowmen shoot with dext'rous aimes,
Whence Ages past, this Isle such Prowess claimes;
Whose force in Guns black use, though now laid by,
Gave Deaths, where their fierce Thunders useles fly
Some next the Race on *British* Coursers take,
More swift, than those, *Epyrus* Glories speak;
Or such, the *Barbes* neat kind, at this Day Fame,
Or, the *Arabick* generous Horse can claime;
Of these, the Victors Browes, with Palmes are spread,
Pleas'd with the Glory, to be Conqu'rors led;
And, lest Fames Trump, should not their Praises bear,
Exulting, Neigh shrill Joyes, find wings of Ayre.
And thus for wonder, some on backs of Steeds;
They here enforce, unto their utmost speeds;
Pierce Marks with Arrows, or as Chariots glide
Their swift Carreers, as happy Shafts do guide:

To whom, the Queen does Silver Quivers give ;
And, that the use of Bowes, more fam'd might live,
Invites the Princes, with her self to try,
Which Shaft of theirs, with happy'st Aime shall fly :
And thus a Jewel from her Breast she takes,
For their Bright Marke ; at which her Arrow makes
Such dextrous wing, as it the Ring of Gold
Pierces, this object to their aimes did hold :
Which done, these mighty Heroes Shafts take Flight,
Dubious, which to the Gemm most near does light ;
But, *Albianus's*, did chance to rest
Nearest the Queens ; Loves measure judgeth best.
Which the Great *Vortiger* resenteth so,
As Love, with theirs, had bent his Partial Bow ;
Scarcely concealing, those resolves of Fate,
Their Hearts, in this high Cause, decreed so late :
But Fate, that had occasion duely chose,
Gives to his Flames, an outward seem'd repose ;

And

And, as the Queen, a grievous Part must bear,
Makes her spectator, of Loves danger here :
Who, with a longing Glory, to behold
The stately Tournments, *Brittains* held of old ;
Gladly the Princes with their Chiefs does see,
Renowning thus, Great *Arthur's* Memory .
While in a Marble Throne, her Person's plac'd,
That with his Mighty Warlike Figure's grac'd ;
Beneath whom, these in costly Arms sit round,
Tables, like those, in *Arthur's* Court were found.
When his bold Knights, and Heroes, Triumphs made
For Conquests, or such stately Pastimes had ;
Or else, in Honor of Fam'd *George*, held Feasts,
To entertain, such valiant *Brittains* Guests.
And hence, in shining Armes, the Princes rise,
To lead the way to these Solemnities ;
While, after they had strict Embracings pass'd,
The Queen, nor any thought, were meant their last.

Albianus does to *Vortiger* convey
This fatal Whisper; If both fall this day,
'Tis but Loves Justice; or if one survive,
May then Loves Mercy, him *Bonduca* give.
At which, great *Vortigers* stout heart does melt,
That Wars deep wounds, had unconcern'd still felt;
And now his Eyes permits to shed some Tears,
Wishing, his Death may end this Princes Cares.
Thus Mounted with their Chiefs, and *Brittish* Knights,
Select the most approv'd in these brave Rites;
Such as great *Arthur* in his Life did Fame,
For Glorious Tournments, and Wars daring Flame;
Of whom, *Albianus* does *Darander* take,
With stout *Androgeus* Lifts did famous make;
And bold *Clarinus*, expert as the rest,
With twenty Knights, on each side skill'd the best,
To whom great *Vortiger* his Chiefs does add,
Corynus, *Troilus*, *Torringer*, all glad

Their

2. Their Launces, with their Martial Prince, to weild,
Whom Foes could ne'r resist, when Fought in Field :
Who, for their Judges, fam'd *Martianus* chuse,
With brave *Favonius*, could to wonder use
Their Armes in Turn'ments; and from *Rome* had won
Trophies, their Valours highly did Renown:
And from the Queen had Garlands to bestow,
With Silver Shields, must happy Victors show ;
ts, That here most dext'rously their Launces guide,
And best command, their furious Steeds, bold Pride.
From whom, the Signal Given, on Coursers meer,
3. Might challenge Windes, to match their speedy Feet;
While from their Hoofes, the Ground does seem to
As it did now, an Earthquakes Ague take. (shake,
And in these Glorious Pastimes here, to show
How much their Prowess, against Foes could doe ;
Their mighty Launces , (though tough Limbs of
Are, with their onsets, into shivers broke. (Oake.)
Rebounding

Rebounding from their Armed Breasts, so high,
As if they did from Battering Engins fly;
Which these upon their Steeds, unmov'd abide,
Might level Towers, Assaults of War defy'd.
While these great Princes, that submitted here,
Their Lives, and Loves, to Fates regardless care;
Had flightest Armour with design put on,
Their Launces Pierce, and in their Bodies run:
From whence blood issues out, with so much haste,
As now their lives, must but few minutes last;
That even their souls, were taking wing to fly
To Deaths Pale seates, frail Natures Ignomy.
And thus fall from their Steeds, imbru'd in Gore,
While all here Present, doe from Heaven Implore
Their hopeles Lives; which how shall *Brittains* mourn,
Of *Gaules*, and *Romanes*, hence despair returne?
But more than all, the beauteous Queen oppress
With grieve, and Love, each storming now her Breast;

A while wants Power, to lift to Heaven her eyes,
Or speak with Tears, her tender hearts surprize.
Then calls for help, from such best skill'd in Cure,
But finds, their Arts cannot her Fears secure;
And even Heaven blames, that Love allow'd such
Should be no Medicine, to heal their harmes. (charmes,
Yet, as Loves Cordials, layes her lips to theirs,
Mingling of kisses, with the Balme of Tears;
While such deep sympathy, her heart does feel,
As thence, her tender life begins to steal.
Whose Rose, and Lilly Cheeks, now turn to pale;
That even her beauties shine, but through deaths vaile;
Her Pulse scarce beating Natures utmost strife,
While Virgin-Palmes, her Temples Chase for life.
Amidst whose Armes, she's in a Chariot laid,
And gently towards her Court, is thus convey'd;
Next whom the Princes, are in Litters borne,
This glorious Presence, (sad Attendants) mourn;

Invoking Heaven with Teares, and loudest Griefe,
To yield their Lives, in these extreames Reliefe ;
Yet more, then their deep Cures, the Queens despair,
That in her breast, the wounds of Love did bear:
In this distress, some Sages present, move,
They should *Merlinus* skill, before all prove ;
Who had such wondrous Cures, for *Brittains* wrought,
By Remedies, no Art, save his, e'r taught.
To whom all yield, and make *Merlinus* know,
What high concernes, require his Presence now,
While Queen, and Princes, mournfully they bear,
To Beds of ease, scarce breathing lifes last ayre.

The End of the Fifth Canto. *

The Sixth Canto.

BEfore these Tydings to *Merlinus* speed,
His swifter Science, knew the fatal need
Of Queen, and Princes, who in Natures Book,
For all events, did most Assiduous look:
Nor could her Causes, and Effects create
The World a Providence, or Mankind Fate;
But, as her aptest Schollar, him had taught,
Which other Mortals, as vain Empericks sought:
Who, no less weighs her humble ease, and power,
In every tender Hearb, and smiling Flower;
Then in those prouder Blessings she conveys
From Sun, or Stars stupend'ous course, and Rayes.
And now *Merlinus* at the Court appears,
The Queen, and Princes dangers fill'd with cares;

Who

Who but in his deep skill, their hopes repose,
Since Fate their lives, so dreadful did oppose.
Where he beholds the-beauteous Ladies Mourn,
As if to Statues, *Niob*'like they'd turne;
Or that the Queens soft life, so farr were fled,
His Art, must now recall her, from the Dead.
While with their Prayers, and Blessings, he arrives
Unto her Presence, viewing how life strives
For weak Possession, in that beaut'ous frame,
Death, as his fairest Captive, hopes to claim.
Next feels her Pulse, with all his subtle Art,
But finds its strength retyr'd, to ayde the Heart;
Which, as Loves Region, has a right to be,
The last surrender'd, to Deaths Victory.
Then takes a Cordial, made of purest Gold,
No man before did Possible behold;
With Dewes infus'd, the Diamond Rocks distil,
And Pearles rich Soul, extracted by his skill.

To

To these an Essence adds, more precious too,
Chymists th' *Elixar* call; but since none show,
That would this work in costly Limbecks breed,
And coldly live, their Arts vain Fires to feed.
While of this Liquor, (whose least drop might be,
Valu'd above all *Indian-Treasury*;)
Through the Queens Lips, conveys a gentle draught,
Whence Life, even fled away, is back soon brought.
And now her Pulse, begins lifes March to beate,
While Death's pale Flags, her Rosie Cheeks defeat;
And next, does open Windowes of her Eyes,
That seem like Stars, new kindled in the skies.
Merlinus joy'd, his Cordial thus succeeds;
To th' wounded Princes next, his Person speeds;
Griev'd, that he could not, all at once supply,
And weeps, to see in what extreames they lie.
Then takes a Balme of this *Elixar* made,
Which to their griefs, with tender hand convey'd,
Their

Their drooping hearts, to wonder does restore,
And shows their wounds, must not have Mortal power.
Nor had the Sun two dayes bright Circles shin'd,
But their great Lives, their Pristine vigours find ;
Which more to Joy, the Queen as speedy mends,
And all but Loves soft wounds, from his Cure ends.
Whence common Artifts, that make life endure
A tedious Diet, and loath'd Physicks Cure ;
Wonder'd, Disease, so soon surpriz'd should be,
By his sublimer skill, and remedy.
And now, that rumor swiftly might convey,
Through *Brittain*, Joyes, for this most happy day ;
The Princes visit the most beaut'ous Queen,
Who for their sakes had thus afflicted been,
And, at her feet, with tears now prostrate lie,
Imploring pardon, they design'd to dye ;
Since she their lives esteem'd at that high price,
As to resign her own, Deaths Sacrifice.

Grieving

Grieving that Love, should so much oblige Fate,
And from her wounds, their sins recriminate,
Who for Loves sake chose death themselves to give,
That she more happy, by their falls might live.
To whom, with gracious words, she thus replies ;
Belov'd of Men, and Joy of *Brittish* Eyes,
Who, ne'r like this, shall Register an hour,
Though their bright Records mention *ROMAN* Power,
Defeated by your Prowess, and *Gaul* brought,
To rue that time, when you conjoyn'd, they fought ;
For which the Sun shall ne'r consume a Day,
But I devoted thanks to Heaven will pay:
That can no Merit, great enough allow
To you, as Princes, and as Lovers too ;
For which, 'tis my unhappiness to live,
Except at once I had two Souls to give.
Yet must your Passions blame, that did decree
A Death of both, or either, without me

Than

That could have been contented first to dye,
And Pay Loves Debt, with my sad destiny.
Then, to each Prince, a gentle hand does give,
Which humbly kiss'd, they on their knees receive;
Whose Lilly-white, best Orient-Pearl did stain,
And out-shin'd Saphyrs blew, in every vein.
Thus leads them with her, to a Royal seat,
Where soon, *Merlinus* did attend to Greet,
The happy Cures, his wondrous art had done,
Which they with highest thanks, and presents own,
Acc^{to} to his Person, great endearments give,
Admiring his deep meanes, by which they live;
Whence they, in such short time, o'rcame their griefs,
And Nature furnish'd, with such strange relieves.
To whom *Merlinus* thus does humbly speak,
Since Nature, her bright handmaid Art did make;
Few of her Counsels, and admir'd effects,
But profound Science, wondrously Inspects.

Else her large Providence, that guides things here,
Must prove to Mortals, but a niggard Care ;
If she producing Creatures, by her Power,
Did fail of means, their Glories might restore.
Hence through the Universe, her healthful Lawes
With every being, show a Divine cause,
While Stars, no more her operations cost,
Than Plants, and Herbs, that humbly spring, may boast,
Nor does this Mistress of the World deny,
To disclose secrets, in her bosome lie,
If Mans frail Sence, she does sublimely teach,
Can the deep Process, of her wonders reach.
Hence Med'cins sets apart, (and joyes the Cure,
That makes her Individuals, long endure ;)
Which, in her most lov'd sympathies consist,
Or such Antipathies, Disease resist.
Thus by my skill, and fervent Prayers, I sought,
That Soul to Inform'd matter, first she brought ;

Which

Which has from Elements, distinct essence,
Yet is of all things, one best Quintessence.
And this our Lives Infirmities Restores,
Beyond the aid of Natures common Powers;
Assisting life, with life, the self same way,
That first in Bodies, she did Souls convey.
This said, a Vial (of a substance too,
His Art next precious to th' Elixar knew;))
Presents the Queen and Princes, which contain'd
This sublime worke, by his deep Science gain'd
At Natures richest cost, whose value could
Purchase the World, and next transmute to Gold
All kind of mettals, that if Treasure fail,
This endless wealth, might *Brittains* Foes assaile.
And here admiring, they a while it view,
Which does in colour, far more beaut'ous show,
Than *Iris* various Arch, and seemes like beames
Of Sun, and Stars, or more Coelestial Flames.

And

And to *Merlinus*, with one voice reply,
Most mighty *Bard*, since in thy skill, doth lie
Such sublime knowledge, ne'r to Man was known,
May future Ages ever it Renown,
Not suffering time, whose hand doth often raze
His choicest glories, ever thine deface;
Or from forgotten truth, make Fictions Fame,
The bold oblivion, of thy sacred Name.
Which said, resolve, this matchless work shall be
Preserv'd, as Natures highest Mystery;
And in that Temple kept, where *Brittains* pay
Devotion, to her mighty Power each day.
And now the Queen, whose mind unusual cares
Did apprehend, in her late sad despaire;
Acquaints him, how her Soul a Voyage took;
In that deep Trance, as it lifes Fetters broke.
Whence to her seem'd, that warlike Nations spread
Banners throughout this Isle, with horror led;

Whose manners they, before did never know,
With Images, beheld of Princes too.
That should mix blood, with *Brittains* Royal Line,
And thence succeeding Ages, fruitful shine;
Changing Complexion of our Lawes, and Speech,
Say, wond'rous *Bard*, if thy deep Science reach
To future things, What do these Visions speak?
Or, are they but such Fantasmies, vain Dreams make?
To which, this Learned Sage, does thus express;
Illustrious Queen, though 'tis most hard, to guess
Succeeding Acts of Time, wrapt in the Lawes
Of Providence, the Worlds great hidden cause;
While in our Bodies, Souls commix with Sence,
That does obstruct, their Divine Præsciencies,
Else might their Vision, without sensual eyes,
Take highest Prospect, of her Mysteries;
Since Nature to the World, and all things live,
In different Bodies, a-like Soul does give;

And

And is diffus'd, from her Internal mind,
Where every cause, does actual fore-sight find;
Which, since our Souls, cannot in Bodies reach,
By glorious Mediums, she our Sence does teach.
Nor, must we think, the Orbes, and Starry-Sphere,
But, as Nights Tapers, Heaven has kindled there;
Or, that Ecclipses of the Sun, and Moon,
Defects of Nature show, and not our own;
Though it must dazel Humane sence, to read
The Text of Heaven, in such bright causes spread.
Hence oft Mutations follow Crowns, and States,
Which ignorant minds allot to Chance, and Fates;
While nothing to us Mortals, it infues,
But she in some Prophetick Cause foreshewes,
And what the restless studies of my Art
To you great Queen, and Princes, can impart,
I humbly offer, in this hour to show,
That strikes my Soul, with some amazement too.

Craving this Royal Presence, a short space,
Some learned Products, of his skill to grace,
And may, for *Brittains* sake, be useful seen;
Which said, the Princes, with the beauteous Queen,
Remove in State, and thus by him are brought,
To an Appartment vast, and wond'rous wrought.
From Archytexts, taught by his deep survey,
Which none but he, e'r enter'd to this day.
Wherein this Sage, long Contemplation took,
T'instruct the World, in Natures profound Book;
Or else the *Muses* sublime Raptures writ,
That Poets call Heavens best inspired wit.
A Science graces all, yet taught by none,
In Schooles Pedantick Tearmes, and Precepts known;
Where Faith, could not it self from Tutors free,
While this remains, untaught Divinity.
And Natures best Exchequer, has for store,
Spending profusely thence, yet never Poor;

Though

Though oft like virtue, meets Inglorious Fate,
Since more than Human Soul, its worth must rate.
Nor did that Age, the *Muses* less esteem,
Than Sacred Raptures, Men Prophetick deeme;
From whence the wise, *Castalian* Cliffs aspir'd,
And with Heavens zeal, this Divine gift admir'd.

The End of the Sixth Canto.

The Seventh Canto.

ANd now, this Royal Prefence duely plac'd,
Wonder to see how this Apartment's grac'd;
Whose Globulous rooffe, seems like a moving Sphære,
Where Stars in Aspects shine, as Heaven was there.
Nor were the Walls, and Pillars, less bright fam'd,
By his great skill, of hardn'd Chrystal fram'd;
That none e'r malleable, had made before,
And which all shapes, of Creatures, figur'd bore.
Then entertains their Royal Eares, and sight,
With Bodies, wond'rous organ'd for delight;
While some, in Birdlike shapes, best Musick sing,
And thus about this Rooffe, are seen to wing.
Next which, in various Postures, did appear
Gygantick figur'd-Men, and what's as rare,

The

The shapes of *Pigmyes*, Natures Dwarfish crew,
That Dialogue speak, and make strange exits too.
A Crystal wall then severs, whence to fight
A Scene appears, than Evenings Sky more bright.
Whose shining seates, the antient Royal Race
Of *Brittish* Kings, in their past glories grace:
Which, as this presence with due wonder saw,
A Cloud-like Curtain, did before it draw;
As oft, the setting-Suns bright face does wear,
Made by his Art, of some such matter here.
Then shapes of Heroes, represents to view,
The Queen from her late dreadful vision knew,
To be of that sterne Nations mighty Race,
Succeeding time, did *Saxon* Monarchs place.
Whose Visage look'd, as if compos'd they were,
Of Natures Roughest Elements for War;
Each in a Martial Cassock, clad of blew,
The Armes of Nobles blaze, or Princes shew.

While

While Warlike *Hengist*, with a brandish't Spear,
And furious *Horsa*, foremost do appear;
Those fatal Brothers, first trod *Brittish* shore,
To lead through Seas of blood, fierce *Saxon* power,
Next these, passe Scepter'd Kings, of this high line,
With *Alfred*, must in story ever shine;
For all such virtues, Subjects Reverence draw,
And gave this Isle, first *English* Name, and Law.
Who, no less fam'd in War, his mighty state,
The Conquer'd Trophies of fierce *Danes* does wait;
Whose bloody onsets, this Isle long withstood,
Before they Raign'd, or mix'd, with Native blood.
And here Great *Edmund*, who vast Battels fought,
With *Danish Knute*, are to sole Combat brought;
As this day, Story enterpriz'd does fame,
Where *Severne* Banks are wash'd by his rough stream.
But pardon, Reader, if my Muse hence spare,
To sing these Nations, long divided War;

Or how from Blood, and Arms, their Kings did reign,
Which must thy toyles, and tears together gain.
While with this wondrous vision, I descend
To Royal *Edward*, Saxon Kings does end;
Nature Divinely Issue did deny,
Since few succeeding, match'd his Piety.
And briefly, from this Artists deeds relate,
How *Norman* Kings possess this mighty State,
Since their first *William*, Rul'd by Conquests claim,
And left its Throne, at once rough Laws, and Fame.
On whom attending here those Heroes stand,
First serv'd his Arms, and planted in this Land;
Whence so much of our Noble Blood, since streams,
And speaks the honor of their Acts, and Names.
Next to Great *William*, *Rufus* does appear.
Who dy'd his Successor, without an Heir;
While *Henry* younger, does usurp the Throne,
And *Robert*, to both elder, sadly shown:

His eyes put out, by that ambitious Fate,
Made *Henry* younger, seise his Royal state;
Who clouded thus, his hands to heaven does spread,
T'invoke their crimes, should thence be punished.
Nor did remain a Male Prince of his Line,
Leaving his Crown, in beaut'ous *Maud* to shine;
Whose glorious love, *Plantagenet* inthron'd,
Whom *France*, (at such dear cost of Arms,) renown'd:
Descending thence, their eyes were entertain'd,
With all, of that high Lineage, here since reign'd;
Of which, the first unhappy Prince, was *John*,
If evil Kings, from Subjects hate, are known.
And here with troubled looks, he seems to view,
Those first bold Charters, *Englands* Freedom shew;
Which to this day, supremest Law has stood,
But speaks, that Ages Crime, since got with blood,
Near whom the mighty Barons sternly wait,
Who made his Power, by Arms legitimize;

From

From which black Vail, too late Rebellion springs,
And Treason seems, but now, past Acts, of Kings.
His Son succeeding, Lion-like, next fought,
To rend that knotty toyl, forc'd Law had brought;
But finds his Subjects made too boldly free,
E'r to resign their ill-got Liberty.

Three *Edwards* then inthroned this Royal Race,
The first of which, both Peace and warre did grace;
Whose valour Impious *Saracens* did rue,
And hardy *Scots*, save his, ne'r Conquest knew.
But soon alas, in his luxurious Son,
Declin'd that glory, did his Armes renown;
Until his Grandson did revive his Fame,
And in *France* trophy'd, a like *Edwards* Name.
And had his mighty First-born next him reign'd,
What Empire might not *Brittish* Armes have gain'd;
Whose like not *Greece*, or *Rome* Produc'd in warre,
And had of all, been greatest Conquerer.

But

But he a Princely Son, less happy left,
In his youths flower, of Crown, and Life bereft ;
When *Lancasters* bold Line possest his Throne,
And rais'd a Royal warre, so bloody known.
Of whom, Fifth *Henry* is most glorious seen,
Who conquer'd *France*, and its fair Heir made Queen ;
Leaving that Realms possession to his Son,
Whose zeal to heaven, lost there, what he had won.
And here with heavenly looks, (as Angels shew,
That humane Figures represent to view ;)
Beholds that cruel hand, and bloody stroke,
His Life too good for mortal Rule, had took.
Next whom, in dismal Images, are shown
Such Princes fell in warre, each Line to crown ;
VWhile *Lancasters*, the fatal Red Rose bear,
And *Yorks* the white, not guiltless, though right Heir.
Which Vision pass'd, a joyfull glorious sight,
Presents here objects, vary'd with delight.

Where

Where Marriage Rites, each Royal Lineage joyn,
And *Lancasters* high Blood, with *Torks* does shine,
In that fair Princess, fam'd fourth *Edward* left,
His young unhappy Males, of life bereft;
Whose tender Glories, their fierce Uncle seiz'd,
And from a false Protector, King was rais'd.
Thus, was Great *Tenders* mighty Reign here seen,
Espous'd a Sovereign, in *Torks* Heiress Queen,
VWhile Ages warre, to love, does Trophies yield,
Who crowns in this great Bride, His *Bosworth* Field,
No less in Peace, his Conduct sage appears, (cares;
Whence Kings, too oft indulge, their Thrones high
Whose active Prudence swayes each Royal State,
That crave, his wise allowance to be Great;
Some he more near endears unto his Crown,
In his fair Princely Daughters Matches, known.
Who court his Blood, to give their Crowns wise Kings.
And all Great *Brittain* since, one Scepter brings.

Next

Next here's display'd his wondrous Treasures fight,
That speaks his Royal Thrift, and Monarchs might,
Though some this Avarice call, not Princely Care,
Whilst he too much, his Subjects griev'd, to spare,
From which high Juncture, that eight *Henry* springs,
VWho had in one soul, many mighty Kings;
Though his great Copy, bears some marks of ill,
Since Law, he made less Powerful, than his will.
And here his several Queens, too sadly known,
His frailer Loves, advanc'd, unto his Throne;
In mourning Vails, this profound Bard does show,
VWho from their Fates, is call'd Loves Tyrant too.
To whom succeeds a Son, (in years, though young,)
That reign'd small time, as his fierce Rule was long;
Wife before man, and as for men too good,
Dy'd Flower of Princes, in an early Bud.
Next whom, appears his elder Sisters Raign,
Whose zeal, our Stories more than Rule complain,

Which

Which pious Crime her Subjects did deplore,
Since Faith her guilty made of cruel power;
Shewing that zeal, when it too furious grows,
Promotes not Faith, but 'gainst it raises Foes,
And, as her Fathers Comforts deaths, did leave
A Curse, his Lawless bed, must thence receive,
His great begotten, issueless were seen,
Ending his Lynage, in a Virgin-Queen:
Though more in Soul, than Nature could convey,
Teaching Men Rule, and Women to obey:
And, had she not been guilty of that stroke,
Her fair allyanc'd blood, so spotless took;
Her virgin Robes, had been far brighter wore,
And she, the wonder dy'd, of Sovereign power;
While Heaven, that scarcely could her loss repair,
Preserv'd, for all great Britain, her next heir;
That mighty James, who brought such peaceful days,
And had for wisdom, more than humane praise;

On

On whom, here Glorious Embassies attend,
Their Masters, with submissive Treaties send;
Returning all, with prudent wonder home,
As once the Wife, from *Solomon* did come.
While here the wary *Spaniards* Courtships, pour
Their *Indian* Mines, on his more happy shore;
That *Saturnes* Golden Age, his Raign did show,
And fled *Astræa*, seems to return now.
Thus to his royal Son descends his Throne,
Less great in Fortune, than in Virtue known,
In whom, all Graces so divinely met,
As Heaven took paines, his virtue to compleat.
Who meekness joyn'd, with Princely Majesty,
And each adorn'd, by matchless Piety;
That impious Rebels, his just Power withstood,
Confess'd him, (both as Man, and King) most Good,
While o'r his head, the shapes of Angels fly,
Merlinus wing'd, by his Arts mystery;

And

And next an Azur'd Vaile before him drew,
Hides his black Scene of Murder, from their view,
Which done, a troop of rough-arm'd men appear,
Their hands in Sacred Blood embrew'd, and war ;
Whose visage look'd, as if that Hell had sent,
Rebels from thence, for some such curs'd intent.
Amongst whom their dire Chiefe, like *Pluto's* shewn,
When his Friends pay black Duties to his Throne ;
Whose eyes were seen, like sanguine Balls of Fire,
While blasts of Sulphur, his flam'd Nares transpire,
And next, his Lips dissolve, that impious breath,
Betray'd both King, and Subjects, to vile death ;
While Rolls of Oathes, his mouth disgorges here,
That must Hells blackest Records, ever bear.
Not long, *Merlinus*, does present this sight,
But in a mist, does Image, stygian Night ;
This horrid vision from their eyes conveys,
And soon does figure happy Royal dayes ;

That in great Second *Charles*, this *Life* restores,
Too sadly griev'd, by Tyrant Subjects Powers;
Who here returning, seem'd like wish'd-for Spring,
Long suffer'd Winter, happily did bring.
On whom, such Triumphs, and vast Glories wait,
As late him wellcom'd, to his royal state;
For which, the good transcendent joyes express,
Assur'd in him, of all just happiness.
And here, to represent his Naval Power,
Ships seem to move, upon this wondrous Floore;
On which, the vanquish'd *Belgian* Vessels fly,
Yeilding the Seas, to his Sov'raignity.
Whence *Brittish* Ships, in happy Calmes now steere,
That *Indian*-Mines, in their rich bottomies bear;
With whatsoe'r to boundless Trade accrewes,
All which this Sage, Prophetickly foreshowes.
And, to consummate, with more wonder too,
Each royal vision, represented now;

Behold,

Behold, great *Vortiger*, does figur'd, lead;
A beaut'ous Princess, must with him precede
These mighty Glories, whence in future springs,
Th' Illustrious *Saxon* blood, and *Brittish* Kings;
Who here did seem so wounding faire, and bright,
As even the Queen is Rivall'd by her fight:
VWhose Rosie Cheeks, express a lovely fear,
Yet grants this object, may her own compare;
Confessing, Heaven does not impartial prove,
If such a Rival should enjoy his Love.
While *Albians* with amazement strook,
On this, (above all wonders seen,) does look;
Thinking, what its appearance should foreshow,
Or what's the Science, future things can know.
But *Vortiger*, transported more, to see
His Figure, lead this beaut'ous Imag'ry;
Since in his Breast, the Queens all-powerful beames,
Already kindled had a Lovers Flames.

Demands,

Demands, a thousand wayes perplex'd in thought,
VVhat strange effects, in *Brittain*, should be wrought;
Or if his Art, in remote causes saw
How unknown Love, must give his Soul a Law.
To whom, this mighty *Bard*, did thus reply,
Renowned Prince, in Providence, do lie
Such secrets, Natures high Apartments close,
Our search cannot discern, or wills oppose;
Though from this glorious Handmaid she does give,
The world a being, and all things, that live;
VVhence such mutations, we observe in state,
And Princes, with a secret homage, waite.
VVhile every Passion, of our Humane soul,
This sublime Inclination does controule;
Nor has Loves power (so much endears the sence)
Other, then Charmes, of her bright influence.
But, as we thus, from Providence, are led,
VVe follow steps unknown, this guide does tread;

Nor

Nor can my deepest science, apprehend
The meanes, producing every admir'd end;
Though she sometimes, this obscure Vaile layes by,
VVhence in her Face, we view her Prophecy,
That in each star, with eyes on us, does look,
And thus we oft may read, her future Book.
From which high Text, my Art (with humble dread)
Has in these Visions, a deep Comment read;
Nor such, did Spels, or Charmes, e'r like supply,
That spoke and mov'd, by Nerves of Geometry.
The Queen, and Princes, wond'ring at his Art,
That could such secrets Imag'd thus impart;
VVhich might even *Archymedes* here have taught,
VVhose *Geometrick* Engines wonders wrought;
In state withdraw, from this stupendious Place,
No Royal Presence, e'r like this, did grace;

Giving

Giving *Merlinus*, highest Thanks, and Praise,
Who (like Heavens Act) had foreshewn future dayes:

The End of the Second Book.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

PAge 38. line 10. read *He exprefs* : p. 47. l. 12. r. *do bid* : p. 68. l. 3. for *furious* r. *wondrous* : p. 67. r. *to Arms* : p. 123. l. 16. r. *it felf* : p. 128 l. 18. r. *add.* p. 132. l. 1. r. *whom death* : p. 136. l. 7. r. *Ambitious storm* : p. 146. l. 9. r. *triple* : p. 150. l. 8. r. *of thefe* : p. 153. l. 4. r. *Deity* ; p. 159. l. 3. r. *that Hope* ; l. 12. for *fifty*, r. *numerous* ; p. 180. l. 8. r. *that day* ; p. 184. l. 10. r. *do wait* ; p. 186. l. 2. r. *Henry youngelt*.

The *Reader* is defired, befides thefe *Errata's*, to excufe the falfe *Comma's*, directing himfelf where he fhall find any, by the *Senf*e of the words.

